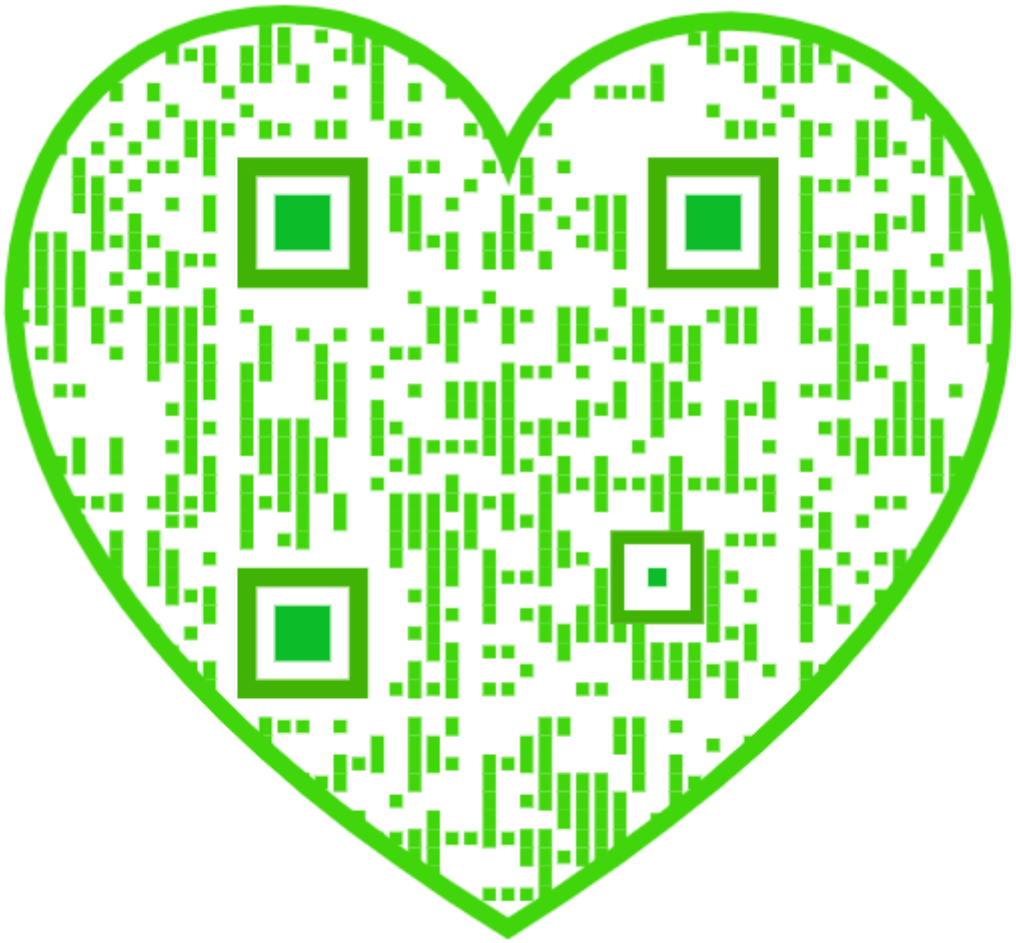

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HUMANE HORSE-TRAINING

Rawlings

HE AUTHOR.

[*Frontispiece.*

HUMANE HORSE-TRAINING

BY

PERCY F. THORN

HUMANE HORSE-TRAINER. JUDGE AT THE NATIONAL TROTTING HORSE-BREEDERS' SHOW, 1920.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY LETTER BY

LORD LONSDALE

WITH 46 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW

DEDICATED TO

TOM EDWARDS

AND THE INIMITABLE

"CURLY"

FOREWORD

14, *Carlton House Terrace,*
Pall Mall,
London, S.W.
July 5, 1922.

DEAR MR. THORN,

Thank you very much for your letter of the 29th ultimo, and I hasten to return to you the manuscript that you so kindly left for me to look over.

I have now gone over the largest part of it, and find it not only most interesting but exceedingly instructive, and I am sure that the knowledge it imparts would be of the greatest value to those who break horses.

Some of the theories are, of course, really acting on the lines of Sample, whom I knew years ago, and very valuable these theories are. I think the photographs you enclosed are splendid for illustrations.

There are one or two points in the work on which I rather differ, but they are so slight that I really think

they are not worth mentioning. The only danger of such practices is in the hands of those who try to carry them out but fail from want of confidence and also from not adhering strictly to the instructions laid down, and if you get these ideas instilled into a man who is partly nervous and very rough they are somewhat dangerous. But then, of course, there are difficulties in all such books.

Anyhow, I have not the slightest hesitation in congratulating you on the work and the extraordinary common sense shown and the excellent description you give in regard to the breaking of animals.

I wish you every success with your book, and also as regards your journey to New Zealand, where I hope you may be fully repaid by the training of your horses.

Believe me, with many thanks for allowing me to see your manuscript,

Yours truly,

LONSDALE.

PREFACE

THE subject of this book has long been of vast importance to horsemen.

I wish to impress upon my readers that this work is the outcome of much practical experience of one who has studied the horse and the conditions under which he is born, reared, broken, trained and fitted for his everyday life, whether intended for the hunting-field, polo, racing, show-ring, the farm or the road. It grieves me when I see horses who have worked and served their masters faithfully for years, being finally led to "the Boat." Surely our Government, in the interests of humanity, should make it compulsory to have these poor decrepit animals humanely destroyed in England, and to prohibit exportation, which, after all, only benefits callous men who are devoid of all feeling.

I have oft-times suffered at the many hopeless sights I have seen brought about through thoughtlessness and ignorance, and I have often felt it my duty to take up my pen and write something for horsemen to read that will in the end benefit my favourite animal, the horse.

PERCY F. THORN.

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Chapter I

The Stable—Foreword to Colt-training—How to Break a Colt—Confidence in Man—Mouthing and Driving in Long Reins—The First Drive in Harness—Shoeing the Colt.

HUMANE HORSE-TRAINING

Chapter I

THE STABLE

THE home or stable of the horse is the first thing I should like to deal with, and as briefly as possible. Some horses, like human beings, are more fortunate than others. Whilst some stables are little palaces in themselves, others are roughly constructed and are not so comfortable by a long way. The stall should always be roomy, at least six feet wide, to give the horse enough room to lie down in comfort. The floor should not slope downwards—that is to say, made high in front and low down towards the hind feet—as it is not the natural position for a horse to stand in.

The floor should be level, with a proper drain-grating in the centre of the stall. The hay-rack should be low; in order to prevent the hay-seed from dropping into the horse's eyes a net is an excellent idea, and prevents waste. A manger, of course, is necessary, and also a small drinking-trough, so that the horse can drink

when he is thirsty. The most important thing in the stable is ventilation, and the correct place for a ventilator is above the horse's head—not behind him, as a great many architects think correct. I have seen some stables without any ventilation at all. The ignorance of some grooms is surprising, and when you draw their attention to it they will say: "We like to see the horses' coats shine like silk, and you must have a warm stable and plenty of rugs to keep their coats down." But natural ventilation is the best for the horse's coat, and imparts health. They forget the danger incurred when the horses leave the close, unhealthy stable on a cold, wet day probably to stand about and take cold. The groom then wonders why the horses are coughing, and the following morning he will be seen giving cough-balls and elixirs. The stable should be reasonably warm, free from draughts, roomy and clean. If these simple details were adhered to, then the horse would be comfortable and far less trouble to his master.

Having given a brief outline of how a stable should be designed, I will proceed to the management of the horse in the stable. By kindness alone can we make a horse love, fear and obey. No horse was ever born vicious, and he only becomes so through bad management and teasing. Horses, of course, differ in

temperament, like men ; some are more teachable than others. The horse should be at all times treated kindly in the stable, spoken to kindly and not bullied. Some stablemen are too fond of shouting at the horses entrusted to their care, and apparently think it is clever and a good point in horsemanship to well master the horse by continual shouting and bullying.

Early rising is the important point in stable management. Six o'clock is the best time to open the stable door. The first thing to do is to go up to all the horses and see if they are well and if they have cleared their food up. Water first, except, perhaps, in very cold weather, when a handful of hay could be given first. The morning feed should consist of corn and sweet chaff, which should be well digested before the horse is taken to his work. It is a good plan to let him walk the first half-mile ; this aids digestion, hardens the muscles, and balances the horse for his day's work. I am a great believer in the old adage, "Little and often." If the horse is fed at six a.m., then he will require a short feed at ten a.m. ; this will stay him until dinner-time, when he should have a nourishing feed of best corn and good clean chaff—not forgetting to water first. He will require a nice tea, as well as his master, and also a feed the last thing. A great many horsemen feed in for the last

time at about five p.m., leaving a long wait till the following morning. If the horse is given a feed at about eight or nine p.m., together with a rack of hay, he will always look well and be ready to perform any duties expected of him.

I do not wish to bore my reader with my system of feeding; every horseman has his own way, and all the reading and advice on feeding would not budge him, especially if his horses look well. But I think a great many cases of colic would be avoided if horses were watered more frequently and fed more often. Patent condiments I do not recommend, but boiled linseed, linseed oil, or linseed cake can all be given with good results, especially to horses in poor condition.

FOREWORD TO COLT-TRAINING

I cannot emphasise too greatly this very important factor. If the colt is correctly trained, then he will grow up to be a very useful horse without giving his master any trouble; if he is badly trained or broken, then you must expect to have accidents and broken limbs. Bad horses are not born. They are made through the ignorance of self-opinionated horsemen. I have broken and trained scores of colts of good, bad and indifferent dispositions, and they have all turned out good, sensible

horses. My greatest success is usually with an unbroken three-year-old; I can teach the wild, unhandled colt anything I choose to. My most difficult tasks have been to handle and train colts that have been badly handled and developed vices and bad habits. These I have succeeded in curing, but I have had to use an enormous amount of patience to make them forget their bad habits and learn good ones.

I have several remarks to make before I give the exact description of correct colt-breaking methods, after which I will explain how I break and train an older horse with a bad habit, such as a kicker, a runaway, a shyer, a nappy horse, a vicious horse, a side-puller. Of course these bad horses would never exist if they had been properly broken and trained.

I was invited to visit a farm near Ilford some time ago to handle a three-year-old half-bred hackney filly. This filly had never been handled, and was quite wild. The spectators, including the farmer and his family, four farm-hands, a member of the R.S.P.C.A. and others, were all wondering how I was going to catch the colt—in fact, they thought it was an impossibility. After the colt had been driven into a fair-sized loose-box, the door was closed and I was quite alone with her for twenty minutes. I then opened the door and led her out, using

a simple rope bridle. The onlookers had never seen anything done like this before. Usually when catching a colt they employ six or seven yokels to throw ropes in all directions with a view to lassoing him; then when the colt is secured by the ropes he plunges wildly and pulls three or four men over on the ground. The men are afraid, and the colt is also afraid, and he takes a dislike to the ropes and fights until he is beaten, and oft-times loses confidence in man. But my method inspires confidence, and the colt follows like a child and does not plunge or gallop away. This wonderful yet simple method I will fully explain later under the heading, "Confidence in Man."

Man is governed by education, while the horse is governed by fixed laws and instincts. Most men think a horse is the most intelligent of all animals. Under this misapprehension they undertake to manage him from an intellectual standpoint. For instance, if he stumbles or slips down, the whip is applied as a corrective; if he runs away he is severely punished and told that if "he runs away again he will be half killed." If he jibs or "naps" in the street he is petted and caressed when he stands still, and when he attempts to move or make a start he is severely lashed with the whip. Then he stops again and receives more caressing. Then the so-called

horseman (for I have seen many do this) jumps up into the cart or buggy and uses the whip to look manlike and to impress the onlooker that he is the boss. Of course, the horse refuses to start, being confused. The result is that the horse soon learns to stop to be petted and refuses to go because he is whipped as soon as he makes a move.

I will deal further with the nappy jibber and the way to make him go without cruelty or violence.

Man's ignorance is further displayed in the blacksmith's shop. The colt or horse is taken to the forge to be shod. As soon as the farrier attempts to touch the foot a clever kick sends him flying across the shop. The groom who holds the horse pets him and pulls his ears, strokes him and speaks kind words whilst the farrier lands a few useful jabs with his hammer. The groom tells the farrier off for hitting the horse, and goes to another smith, who is also kicked. The groom will not allow the horse to be ill-treated or knocked about because his master has told him that he must treat the horse kindly and never allow anyone to be cruel to it.

Now the horse should be properly broken and trained and prepared for his first visit to the farrier's shop, when he will soon get used to the new surroundings and allow the farrier to handle his feet carefully and put

well-fitting shoes on, instead of hurrying and driving a nail in which might cause lameness.

Another absurd idea that exists all over the world is that, when the horse is approached by the owner or groom, they think it necessary always to use the word "whoa," even when the horse is standing quite still. If they go to harness the horse they say "Whoa!" or if they go to take the harness off—"Whoa!" Whatever the horse does they will say "Whoa!" It is a bad habit on their part; the word "whoa" should only be used when the horse is trotting and is required to stop, for "whoa" means stop and nothing more. Other words should be used when harnessing or grooming a horse.

The eye should always be trained; both sides of the horse should be trained. Horses are usually approached on the left or near side, and when approached on the off side are nervous and peculiar, the fact being that they are only used to being approached on the left side. Their left eye is trained, but not their right eye. The same thing is true of the cow that is used to being milked on the off side; if she is approached on the near side, and an attempt made to milk her, she will probably kick the milk-pail over.

Some people—some quite clever men, too—will insist that the horse's eye magnifies. If this were so, a

horse about to jump a four-foot gate would be sure to jump twice the height, or if going to bite an apple that was two inches in diameter he would open his mouth fourteen inches to receive it. I might enumerate dozens of cases, but I think the above is sufficient to illustrate to the reader that the theory is incorrect.

The horse has five senses, just like the human being : feeling, seeing, hearing, tasting, and smelling—feeling being the strongest. He feels with his nose or tip end of the upper lip. He examines everything he wishes to understand with the tip end of the upper lip or his nose. For instance, if a horse is afraid of any strange object, he will snort and approach it nervously, but when he carefully draws nearer and nearer you will see him touch it or feel it with his nose. After feeling it a few times he will become satisfied that it is harmless and will not hurt him. He can be trained to allow any object to touch him on any part of the body, but if it is moved quickly about him, operating on the sense of sight, he will become nervous.

If the object makes a noise, which operates on the sense of hearing, he will again become frightened. Therefore, if you want a horse to understand things thoroughly, you must educate all the senses. If all the senses were educated accidents would not be so numerous. Accustom

your horse to everything that might tend to annoy any one of the senses; then, and only then, can he be considered thoroughly trained.

In presenting this work I am well aware of the severe criticism it will be obliged to undergo at the hands of horsemen and others; but having seen a great many horsemen at work, and carefully studied their various systems—and their good and bad results—I feel that I am quite justified in writing something on the subject. I am quite familiar with the methods employed by the numerous horse-trainers throughout the United States and Europe: such men as Rarey, Powell, Sample, Hutchinson, Everard Calthrop, Galvayne, Beery and Captain Rimington; these great horsemen have trained the most vicious horses.

I have made a great study of the temperaments of horses, and I can usually read the character of any horse I am consulted about. There used to be a horse in Surrey who was very vicious. I remember seeing him, and I could not detect anything really wicked from the phrenological point of view. I made many inquiries about the horse, and eventually learned that once upon a time the horse was a quiet, sensible, docile animal. It appears that his groom, in order to show the intelligence of the horse, would put his arm up to the

horse's mouth, coaxing him to take hold of it ; in doing this the groom succeeded in getting the horse to bite his arm in play. One day the horse bit harder than usual. This enraged the fool of a groom, who tied the horse to a post and thrashed the poor animal unmercifully with a whalebone-twisted cutting-whip until the unfortunate brute squealed with pain. When the horse got up again he turned savage, for self-preservation is the first law of nature, and this poor horse, who was once kind and gentle, turned into a vicious brute, thinking it was correct to protect himself against such savage attacks by man.

Some people are of opinion that a horse knows when you are afraid of him ; as a matter of fact, he knows nothing about the thoughts of man. He only knows what you can do with him, and if he finds out by experience that he can handle you he will continue to do so as long as he finds your inability to force his submission ; as soon as he finds your ability to force submission scientifically he will in consequence yield at once to your commands.

I have been rather nervous at times with bad horses when they have kicked at my head with vicious intent, but my system has overpowered them, and I have made them submit.

I have heard men say they have never seen a horse they were afraid of, but I feel sure they would hustle away from some I have had to deal with.

Great judgment and care must be used in handling these vicious types. Dealers generally give these horses a strong drug, because they are not horse-trainers and they do not know how to handle a troublesome horse, although their friends often say, " If old Joe or old George can't drive him, well, nobody else can, that's a certainty."

I once bought a beautiful pure-bred hackney mare from a horse-dealer ; he had purchased her a day previous from a wealthy gentleman. The mare was " nappy "—at least, I bought her with that character. She was all that could be desired, especially to a hackney lover. When she arrived home I put her in a comfortable loose box; her mouth looked tender, so I placed three thin chains in her mouth (the same as you would a bit). I covered the chains with soft soap and vaseline; by the morning the mare's mouth was soft and comfortable—in fact, she had a new mouth. I put a nice false collar on under the ordinary collar, a light set of Garnett's harness, and I drove her with an easy-fitting india-rubber bit. She looked a beautiful sort in my Robinson-hooded buggy.

Now, presuming she was nappy, and judging by her

countenance that she only wanted gentle handling, I left two nice warm rugs on her back; when I jumped in the buggy the groom ran alongside, ready to pull them off. I took the reins gently, just holding them lightly between my little fingers. I dropped my hands and said, "Come along, little woman"; she pricked her ears, blew her nose, cocked her tail, gave one little plunge, and off down the road, trotting a three-minute gait. The mare was the admiration of everyone wherever she went. I soon got her to go quite easily, because she had always been used to a big, ugly Liverpool port bit with a bearing rein and full set of fittings that go with these absurd devices, and probably a big uncomfortable collar. She had been kept in a warm, stuffy stable (I suppose with the idea to keep her coat nice and sleek), harnessed, and driven to the front door, where she stood and got cold; her mouth was snatched by the rough-handed, mutton-fisted coachman, and by the time the owner was ready to start the mare was cold and in a little temper, and unwilling to go. Then she was sold because she jibbed, and I was very pleased, too, for no man could wish for a better trapper—sweet tempered and willing in the right hands. The mare was sold to a lady, who may, for all I know, be driving her to-day.

However, I must not lose sight of my main subject, and will return to the education and training of the horse.

HOW TO BREAK A COLT. CONFIDENCE IN MAN

Presuming that the colt has been got up from the fields into the stock-yard or loose-box, we will now proceed to gain his confidence.

Turn him into an enclosure about twenty feet square ; if this is not convenient, a good roomy loose-box will do just as well.

At the present moment I am training a thoroughbred colt ; he is a big, handsome chestnut gelding, seven years old and quite unhandled, so he requires more patience and a thoroughly good system with which to work. In spite of so-called horsemen expressing their opinions as to the impossible task I have undertaken in attempting to break a seven-year-old wild, unhandled colt or horse, *when* I got him safely home, I stabled him in a large loose-box. It was dark, so I had the use of a lamp. When Bobby saw his own shadow on the wall he became so infuriated that he fought at it viciously, kicked his heels up, and tried to bite it, the result being a full stop when his teeth bit the wall. I was obliged to remove the lamp and close the door. This will show his pluck ;

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE CONFIDENCE LESSON (FIRST POSITION).
THE COLT IS INTERESTED, BUT NOT AFRAID.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE CONFIDENCE LESSON (SECOND POSITION).
THE COLT "FEELING" THE TRAINER'S HAND.

[*Facing p.* 34.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE CONFIDENCE LESSON (THIRD POSITION). TOUCHING THE COLT'S HEELS GENTLY WITH WHIP. HE INSISTS UPON FOLLOWING.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE PULLING-ROPE. POSITION TO ADOPT TO TEACH A SLUGGISH COLT TO LEAD. (BRITISH-BRED TROTTER, "MERRY FIDDLER.")

most colts would have snorted and been nervous at the unfamiliar sight.

I should like to say that after the third day I had gained his confidence, and he followed me about like a pet dog, to say nothing of my right hand being severely sprained and tied up in a sling, the result of assisting some lady motorists—owing to a back-fire my hand was nearly broken. To master such a colt as I have described with only my left hand shows that the system I am now explaining is absolutely infallible.

Having the colt in a roomy loose-box or an enclosure, remove everything such as food, etc., that will draw his attention from his lesson. Take the whip in your right hand and enter the box. Crack the whip to draw the colt's attention. The colt will naturally jump or run to get away from you; you should try to remain in the centre, and snap the whip round the hind legs below the hocks as he goes past you in the circle. After he has gone round half a dozen times you should walk directly towards the corner, giving the colt a chance to turn his left side towards you. Talk to him, and continually give him the command, "Come here! Come here!" If he rushes past you, draw the whip smartly round his heels; when he is ready to stop, walk gently up to him and rub his nose and caress him, and say,

" Come here, boy ! " several times. If he should turn his heels towards you to kick or to run away, draw him a lash behind the heels below the hocks, and say, " Come here ! "

Colts of different temperaments respond differently to the whip. You will, of course, use your judgment according to the type of colt you are training.

Be careful when using the whip not to overdo it or upset the colt and frighten him. The idea of using the whip as described is, firstly, to attract the colt's attention to you ; secondly, to compel the colt to do as you wish. This method has no tendency to make the horse vicious ; and, curiously enough, the more alarmed a colt is at the mysterious whip the more quickly he is likely to obey you. As soon as he turns his head towards you, place the whip under your left arm and approach the colt on the left side and stroke him gently ; draw the whip quietly out from under your arm and lay it gently across the colt's nose, and let him feel it ; then take a step backwards and say, " Come here ! " If you step to the right the colt will move to the left. When he moves, pat him and make a fuss of him, and say, " Come on, boy ! " Look him straight in the eye and draw back a few more steps ; slightly draw your whip around his hocks and place your left hand on the

shoulder nearest to you and say, "Come here! Come here!"

You will find the colt will soon begin to follow, and you should always have a few oats ready to reward him for his obedience. By having the colt in an enclosure or a loose-box he cannot run away, and he has to get used to the whip, which, of course, is only used gently round his heels to force him forward, and eventually he cannot do anything but follow; the circle being a small one, he cannot go far from you.

When you pet him he will quickly rub his head on your arm to get away from the whip at his heels. He soon follows by force of habit.

Having worked him on his left side, you must now work and train his right side. This is more difficult, so I advise a light rope bridle to be used, and he should be led around a few times and then the lesson can be given as on the left side. Give this lesson for one hour; if he follows you within the hour, finish the lesson, for, when the colt grasps your idea, do not bore him with a long lesson, or he may get fed up.

Some colts learn quicker than others, but if you give this lesson thoroughly for one hour every day for a week the colt will always follow, and will have absolute confidence in you. It would be well to practise on an

imaginary horse, then on a quiet old cob, before tackling a wild colt. I guarantee this is a most wonderful lesson. I have practised it so much that I can get a colt's confidence in fifteen minutes and have him following me like a pet dog. Always remember to give this confidence lesson to all dangerous horses, nappy jibbers and shyers. It has been my winning point with "dodgy" horses, for when we gain each other's confidence then we are ready to commence business.

I remember buying a "dodgeman" in St. Martin's Lane Repository without a warranty. Upon his arrival home I gave him a full hour's confidence lesson—a lesson he had never had in his life before—and he was much easier to tackle the following day and seemed to know me.

Scores of horsy friends have quietly wondered how I have mastered so many "outlaws"; they think their own knowledge is sufficient. *Their* system is to put a long rein on one side of the bridle and a dumb jockey on his back and lounge the animal until it is tired out, with the result that the colt or horse never gains confidence, and is just as saucy when he gets fresh again. If these gentlemen read this book they will be able to see how I have mastered some of the most tricky horses ever shipped into Essex.

I am proud to say that I have bought dozens of unmanageable horses, mostly from horse-dealers who have failed to effect any cure, and I have always succeeded in breaking these horses so that any nervous driver could drive them in safety. The secret of managing a rough horse is to gain his confidence. The same applies to a circus horse : the trainer must have the horse's confidence before he can educate him or teach him clever tricks. Therefore, if you get the confidence of an ordinary rough horse, it is quite easy to teach him to pull a cart quietly. But how many horsemen know this ?

Now, in the case of the seven-year-old colt I am training, I wish to make him absolutely quiet ; but seven years of idleness and freedom cannot easily be forgotten in seven days, so I have found it necessary to lay him gently on the ground and handle him all over.

There are several ways of laying a horse down or throwing him down, but in this particular case I used the leg-strap as recommended by Mr. Calthrop in his book, " The Horse as Comrade and Friend." I found it the very ideal. When the colt found himself on three legs, and never having laid down in a stable before in his life, he was so perplexed that he pathetically licked my face, rubbed his head on my shoulder and looked to me for help and guidance. He had confidence in me,

and this affectionate behaviour was a certain proof. Gradually he went down on both knees, sweating freely. Then with a great thud he threw himself on the ground. This took place in the loose-box on a thick bed of straw. He laid down for quite half an hour and allowed me to caress him and sit on his back. When he got up I handled him all over, and he was perfectly quiet and offered no resistance at all.

Having gained the colt's confidence and taught him to follow, we now proceed to give him a mouth, so he is bridled for the first time. This can be done easily after he has had the confidence lesson, but every care should be taken in order to avoid frightening him. The bridle is comfortably fitted and a kind, easy bit properly fixed in the mouth. The object of correct mouthing is to preserve instead of diminishing the natural sensitiveness of the bars of the animal's mouth. For this reason I recommend a humane bit. Cruel, big, ugly jaw-breaking bits are unsuitable, and produce deep sores and bruises, rendering this portion of the animal's training unnecessarily painful and also "spoiling" its mouth instead of "making" it. I am strongly opposed to the use of fixed or "hard-and-fast" reins to connect the bit to the surcingle; also the bad habit of placing a colt on "pillar" reins. I have known of capped

hocks to result from the colt kicking through being kept on the pillar reins too long.

My system is to place a bit in the colt's mouth—a bit with properly-constructed keys, especially for a dry-mouthed colt, who fails to froth. I always smear the bit with treacle mixed with soft soap. Without this the colt cannot froth, and without frothing no colt can mouth at all. I leave the bridle on for about two hours in the morning and the same during the afternoon for a few days.

It is essential to give the colt a perfect mouth, especially if the colt is a well-bred one. A well-bred horse with a perfect mouth is a pleasure to drive, but a well-bred, high-spirited horse with an imperfect mouth—a mouth spoiled when a colt—is always difficult to drive by a driver who has bad hands; in a case of this kind a good coachman with good hands usually excels as a good whip.

I have had horses kick, rear, and bolt when the bit has hurt their mouth, but when bitted with an india-rubber bit they are usually well-humoured and go well, without any signs of temper.

I had a four-year-old hackney brought to me as nappy, bad-tempered and 'garratty." When I drove her I soon learned that her mouth had been cruelly treated,

and the least touch on the rein would cause her to rear up, run back, buck, and then plunge and dash off in a temper; and when the slightest pressure was applied to the reins with a view to pulling her up or steadying her she would put her head straight up in the air and show obvious signs of pain by stamping all four feet stubbornly on the ground.

To allow a mare to continue in this state only means that she would develop vices of every kind and would be described as a very bad dodgy mare, and very few horsemen would be able to effect a cure. If colts were handled correctly in the first stages there would be no bad, troublesome horses.

After I had got the mare's mouth in a natural state and drawn the bruises out, she immediately gave up the little vices and became a nice easy mare to drive. If the colt is first broken and trained in a snaffle or a humane leather bit he will always be used to it, and will develop a nice even mouth and become a sensible, good-tempered animal.

MOUTHING AND DRIVING IN LONG REINS

Harness with surcingle and crupper—and, of course, an open bridle with a stout leather bit. This lesson

is to teach the colt to "get up." The object is to teach him to go away from you.

The surcingle or harness saddle used in this lesson must have rings low down or shaft-tugs on the saddle. The reins, which should be forty feet long, are passed through the low rings or tugs; this prevents the colt, if he wheels round, from getting them over his back and getting tied or mixed up. You stand on the near side, with the off-side rein passing round above the hocks; this gives you a considerable leverage and you can keep the colt in his place and pull him up as you please. You now drive him round in a circle to the left; you give the command "Get up!" and crack the whip at the same moment. Do not say "Whoa!" in this lesson; this comes later on. Let the colt stand a few minutes and prepare for the command "Get up!" Then repeat the same lesson to the right in order to train the right eye and right side of the animal. Speak distinctly, "Get up!" Pause two or three seconds, then crack the whip, but do not tickle him with it. After going round the circle, stop him with a pull on the reins. Again repeat the command "Get up!" until the colt moves directly he hears the command.

A field or spare piece of land is where this lesson should be given. The long reins are excellent for

mouthing, and in addition give the colt a level mouth, which is very important.

Another way to manipulate the long reins is to commence by placing yourself somewhere about the centre of the imaginary ring or circle and drive the colt with the long reins a few times round it ; then let your near-side rein slacken and pull smartly on the off-side one with a swinging, not a jerky pull. At the same moment just throw, or rather drop, the thong of your whip on the inside shoulder of the colt in order to induce it to turn away smartly, and not to give it time to fight the bit. After it has gone a few times round the ring to the right, slacken the off-side rein and give a swinging pull on the near one, simultaneously dropping the thong of your whip on the inside or off-side shoulder. Continue to repeat this process, using less and less force as the colt gradually learns to turn. A leather bit, made of stout leather with big cheek leathers, assists the colt in learning to turn and prevents injury to the mouth.

It may be that the colt will object to the feeling of the reins on his hind legs and will kick out at them ; all the better ; let him kick, because he cannot do the slightest harm, and if there is a disposition to kick it must come out at some time or other, and this method of

long-reining absolutely eradicates it. You see, it is better to break the colt by himself than a new "Windover" or "Potter" governess car as well. So pay no attention to the colt's kicks and struggles, but just have hold of the reins good and tight, and let him see you can hold him and that you are the master.

I hope it is quite clear from what I have said that you do not on any account stand directly behind the colt when you are driving in long reins, but always in the middle of your imaginary circle, making him pass round you from left to right. The effect of driving from behind would be that you, while walking on your own legs, would not have enough power to control the colt should he plunge forward.

The next lesson is to teach the command, "Whoa!" The meaning of "whoa" will only be understood by the colt when it is associated with an action. The first time you use the command be sure that you are in a position to follow with the proper action; start the colt with the command "Get up!" Compel him to go in a large circle to the left; keep an equal pressure on both reins, giving your entire attention to keeping him going forward until you are quite ready to stop him (you should stop him the first two or three times at the same spot; this will aid you in conveying your idea to

the colt). When you approach the spot where you intend to stop, hold the reins steady, say "Whoa!" positively and distinctly, and immediately follow with a sharp pull on the reins. Always drop your hands as soon as the colt stops. The third time the colt will, if you have stopped him there each round, respond to the command "Whoa!" After having taught the left side, proceed in the same way to the right.

"Whoa" is the most important command to teach your horse; your life and the lives of your friends may sometimes depend upon your horse being so thoroughly trained to stop at command that he will obey under all circumstances and excitement. Remember never to use the word "whoa" unless you mean it. "Whoa" means stop, and let the word "whoa" mean only one act. If you only want your horse to slow down, say, "Steady, steady, boy."

The tip end of the horse's nose is the most sensitive part of the horse (the sense of touch). Most people imagine that when the colt slowly approaches an object he wants to smell it, but he doesn't; he only wants to *feel* it. Touch the colt's nose with a stick and let him feel it carefully; then rub it down his forelegs several times. Then rub it over the neck and down the back toward the tail and down the hindquarters. After the

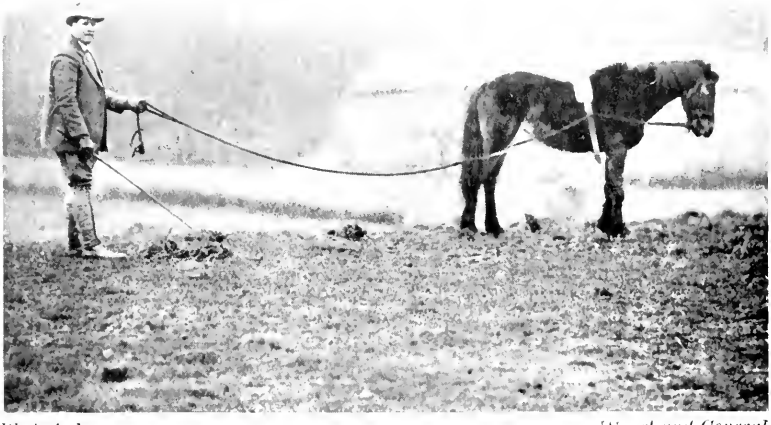

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE HUMANE METHOD. MOUTHING THE COLT IN LONG REINS.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

TRAINING THE COLT TO UNFAMILIAR OBJECTS, SOUNDS AND SIGHTS

[*Facing p.* 46.

Photo by] *[Sport and General*

ONE OF THE OLD METHODS AND JAW-BREAKING BIT. SHOWING THE BREAKER IN THE WRONG POSITION, AND READY TO GIVE THE ANIMAL A SEVERE JERK SHOULD HE ATTEMPT TO KICK.

colt will allow the stick to touch any part of his body it is then time to teach him to stand quietly to be cruppered. Make your motions carefully so as not to excite the colt. After this training you will never have any trouble in cruppering your colt.

Never jerk the crupper out from under the tail, for by so doing you often hurt the colt and he may afterwards prove difficult to crupper, which tends to develop the kicking habit.

THE FIRST DRIVE IN HARNESS

The colt should now be ready to harness up, so put the harness on gently, and be sure it is good strong harness. Drive the colt with the harness on up and down the road or field, and give repetition of previous lessons of "Whoa" and "Get up," turning him to the left and to the right.

I use a long-shaft cart for this purpose, and sometimes I have used a four-wheeled American buggy or show waggon. They are easy for the colt to guide or steer. When the colt is familiar with the vehicle you should get a groom to hold the shafts up and walk the colt beneath them a few times. When he has decided to stand quietly, lower the shafts gently on to his back, hold them there, and repeat this several times before

putting the shafts in the tugs. When this is done the groom fixes the traces quietly and quickly.

The quieter you are and the less people you have interfering the better things will be. I never have more than one assistant when I am first hitching a colt up, and then my "groom" is sometimes a little girl of twelve summers; she is really much more reliable and sensible than some of the men I have had round me at times.

When the colt is harnessed I lead him a little way, then I give the command "Whoa!" I get in the cart, holding my reins, which have been in my hand all the time: this is the safest place for them. The colt feels strange, for it is his first time in the cart, and he gives a plunge or a rear, and at the command "Get up!" he goes off in style, blowing his nose and prancing, for he is full of youth.

I remember quite well when I was a little boy of about five years of age, how I went out into the stable one morning and beheld a pleasant surprise—a sweet little Shetland pony. It happened that my grandfather, a very keen horseman, who was shooting in Scotland, had seen a drove of Shetland ponies and decided there and then to buy one and despatch it to me. He must have forgotten that the pony was in its unbroken state, or

else the one sent had been substituted for the one he actually bought. However, the groom had his greatest task with horses when he brought it from the station depot to our stable; by what I can remember, it pulled him over and got away, but was caught later by two policemen. It was at this particular time that I was taught by my father—one of the best whips of his day—how to break or train a colt, and I watched him with delight when he gave this tiny pony the confidence lesson. Within the hour the midget was following us about the loose-box; it afterwards became a great favourite.

At this time my father owned Oats and Barley, an American trotter, who took a record of 2.19 in those days. I well remember going for drives with my father behind this great trotter; he was quiet and docile, as most trotters are.

Well, I must apologise for going astray, but these pleasant reminiscences will crop up, and most people who have been brought up with horses have their pet tales to tell about them.

Returning to the colt, it is presumed that his first drive has taken place in a quiet road or in the field, where there is no danger of meeting motors or anything that will frighten him. Now before we harness him the second

time it will be necessary to get him used to different objects he will be likely to meet on the road. This lesson is best given in the field, with just the bridle and long reins and surcingle. Let the colt walk round quietly, give the command "Whoa!" then get somebody to make a noise on an old tin can, or drum, and drive the colt around at a fair distance, gradually bringing him nearer and nearer to the noise, by which time he will be almost used to it.

Talk to him, and when you get right up to the noise, pull the reins and say "Whoa!" Then stop the noise and allow the colt to touch the instrument. When he has satisfied his curiosity, have the "music" start again, commencing very quietly and gradually increasing in sound. Be careful not to startle or frighten the colt. Caress him and talk to him. The colt will try to follow you, but you must continue to drive him in the long reins; do not lead him. After he has commenced to ignore the noise let someone lay a heap of papers on the ground and drive your colt all round them; let him see them from all angles; then drive him slowly up to them, letting him step over them. Be careful to hold him and have your reins tight, for it is probable he will give a jump when he is passing over them. Continue this until he ignores them; let him feel them, and then

rub his nose with a large handful of the papers. A few hours of this will train his mind and also his eye, and he will not shy at these objects when he meets them on the road.

The next thing to do is to drive him towards the main road, still in long reins, and allow him to see the motors. If there is a steam-roller at work let him stand and watch it ; then drive him past it, allowing him to watch the big fly-wheel, which so many horses are afraid of. One hour's training round the steam-roller will work wonders. The steam-roller has been a boon to me, for I have successfully trained dozens of colts, also shyers, in this way. Our roads are very bad, our rates are very high, but I do not grumble ; I get my full value out of the steam-roller.

As soon as the colt pays no attention to the noise take him home and let him have the rest of the day to himself. No harm is done by repeating this lesson, and it is most essential that the horse should pass all road nuisances, for he has a great many to face on the roads nowadays.

When he has been well educated in the long reins and become acquainted with various noises, objects and motor traffic, then put him in harness and take a good four-mile drive. Remember to let him walk down all

hills to learn how to use his breeching. Walking is good for colts, and they learn more whilst walking than when trotting.

After the colt has been driven a few times it is time to teach him to back; this is done in long reins. Take a good pull on the reins—not a jerk or snatch—give the command "Back!" Repeat this several times until he backs at the word of command.

If you train your colt exactly as I have explained you will have a well-trained animal.

SHOEING THE COLT

After the colt has been well long-reined and is quiet to handle, get his feet used to being picked up and thoroughly handled; this I usually have done after the first time in harness. He is then much quieter, and it gives the farrier a better chance to fit the shoes to the foot.

Chapter II

Breaking the Colt to Saddle—How to Teach the Colt to Jump.

Chapter II

BREAKING THE COLT TO SADDLE

THE preliminary and confidence lesson has been given, and having long-reined the colt thoroughly, we will presume that he is required for saddle-work only. The next thing is to accustom the colt to see a man mounting and dismounting him. Commence by standing at his side and giving a little spring as if to mount him; let him feel your whole body against him. Continue to half spring as if to jump on his back until he stands quietly. This should be practised on both sides of the colt. Then put an old saddle on and work him in long reins for about fifteen minutes; after this, repeat the partial mounting and dismounting on the off side and keep on with the exercise, taking each side alternately as long as you may consider necessary. The object is to teach the colt to stand quietly while being mounted.

The correct way to mount from the ground is to grasp the mane firmly with one hand—the left hand, if mounting from the near side—and *vice versa*, and the

wither with the other; then spring up on them until your body is nearly in an erect position on your hands, and smartly throw your leg (the right one if mounting from left side) over the animal's back. Practise this complete mounting and dismounting from both sides frequently to thoroughly familiarise the colt with the proceedings.

The colt is now quiet to mount, but can only be classed as a "green one." The first thing to be done is to get a good mouth on the colt—by no means a trifling undertaking in many cases, especially if the colt is intended for a polo pony. Personally, I think there is nothing like the long reins to accomplish this. Great care must be exercised to avoid getting the mouth sore, and the lessons should be short ones. The reason there are so many horses with bad mouths is, I think, because of attempts to make their mouths by riding them, instead of driving in long reins at the commencement of their training.

When the colt is mouthed he should be quietly ridden by a rider who has good hands, a rider who holds on with the reins should never be allowed to mount a colt, especially if he is a valuable one.

Should the colt be a rough fellow, or one that has been badly handled at the initial stage of his career and

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE INDIAN WAR BRIDLE.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE INDIAN WAR BRIDLE FOR SEVERE ACTION. (THE AUTHOR HAS INTRODUCED THIS TO FARRIERS AND THUS PREVENTED MANY ACCIDENTS.)

[*Facing p. 56.*

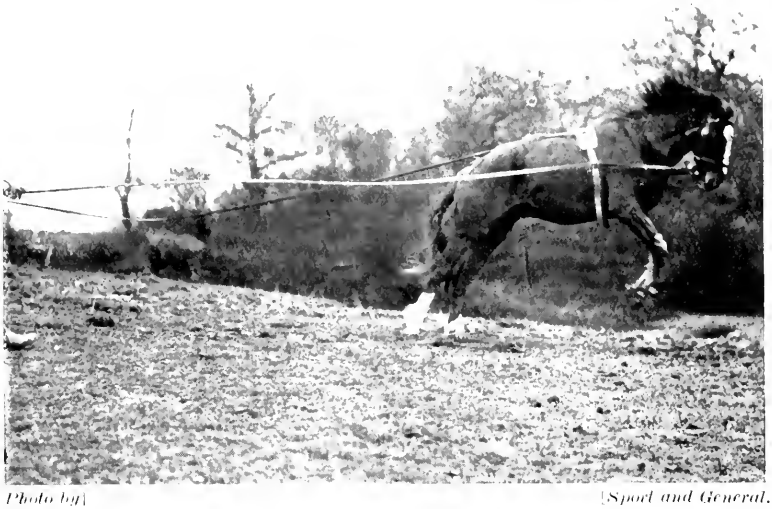

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD CHESTNUT COLT BEING LONG-REINED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Photo by] [*Sport and General*

HE SUBMITS TO THE MASTER REIN AND IS WILLING TO BEHAVE.

somewhat spoiled, we shall have to commence by giving him a full confidence lesson and long-rein him, if he is troublesome to mount—perhaps he has succeeded in unseating his previous breakers. It will be a good plan to give him something that will occupy his whole attention and keep him still while you attempt to mount him. The simple and useful article is a piece of rope, tied in a particular way, as used by the North American Indians (who are wonderful riders), and they call it their "war bridle." Take a piece of rope three yards long, and at the end of it tie a simple knot ; then at a distance of about one foot tie another knot of the same shape, only leave it open. You now pass the first knot through the second one from the far side, which you pull tight so as to fix the first, and this leaves a small noose. Place the noose in the colt's mouth, under his tongue, not over, with knots on the off side; bring the end of the rope over the neck and let it rest behind the ears ; bring it down the near side of the head or face and draw the end through the loop on the near side of mouth. You can now pull your end of the rope till you acquire whatever tightness you wish. The slightest pressure will make the average troublesome colt or horse stand still and behave himself. The Indian war bridle is under the ordinary bridle, and can be worked quite easily.

By using this simple device you will soon be able to mount the colt without any trouble. I always use it on colts which I have sent to me, and which have been badly broken and spoiled; it keeps them quiet, and they soon forget they were once boss.

Having succeeded in mouthing the colt and teaching him to stand quietly to be mounted, we will now proceed to teach him to jump.

Different people, different ways. I taught a young green horse to jump some years ago, and my method was quite successful, for the horse, whose name was Makeshift, did very well as a show jumper and carried his master to hounds.

HOW TO TEACH THE COLT TO JUMP

This section of the colt's training depends upon the animal himself; some colts are born jumpers and require practically no training in this respect, whilst others have no idea at all of jumping. I have had well-bred colts who have jumped quite naturally, without any tuition, and I have had some who have absolutely refused to jump a little ditch; so, therefore, training to jump is an important feature of the colt's education. The fact of an animal being a really reliable conveyance over a stiff country always greatly enhances its value,

so that to the breeder of hunters the early and thorough tuition of the stock is essentially an important question.

The age at which the training should commence is a point upon which there is a great diversity of opinion, some contending that you cannot commence at too early an age, others that it is injudicious to begin in foalhood. My candid opinion is that, provided the foal be a strong one and bred for a hunter, you cannot begin its jumping exercises too early. The jumping exercises I suggest during foalhood, whilst it is running with its dam, should be effected over a series of fences about eighteen inches high, such as the mother can walk over easily. They should be situated where the mother will be compelled to walk when leaving the box in the morning and returning at night. I recommend two jumps only, which should be movable and well padded with old sacks and straw, etc. The height of these jumps should be gradually increased.

These early lessons develop and strengthen the muscles, and create in the animal a sense of security and confidence which prepares it for the more formidable tasks it will have to face when it reaches maturity—that is, when we have to train a colt who has to be forced to jump, owing to lack of previous training. (I do not mean being ridden.)

We must not flurry or frighten him. Take him into a field and lead him through small gaps, and let him get quite acquainted with his new work. Take him for a long walk, and when he jumps a ditch give him a reward of some oats or sugar. When he sort of grasps the idea of what is expected of him, and he is quite amiable about it, then we can put the long reins on. Commence with two jumps in the imaginary circle; drive the colt round a few times. He will probably step over the bars or jumps. Do not get excited or use the whip. Drive him round gently, and he will soon jump and get used to his new exercises. When it has done a few jumps well and successfully, conclude the lesson at once and again make much of the colt. The great aim should be to make the animal associate the training with kind treatment.

When the colt has been worked both left and right sides, place a third jump and so make a double jump on one side. If the jumps can be varied, all the better.

After this has been accomplished the colt should be ridden about the farm in the usual way and jumped over small, easy places to inspire confidence. Should the colt show any signs of refusal, the rider must be ready to force him and ride him with some determination,

for it would be useless to give in to the colt. When he has obeyed, then reward him.

If you have a pack of harriers near it will be fine exercise to get the colt out and let him just see them a few times. The excitement which makes the blood course through a well-bred horse's veins oft-times induces him to take the fences in good style, better than in cold blood.

The great thing now is not to overdo the beginner; give him plenty of walking exercise and a few jumps daily, and you will find him gradually developing into a hunter. When riding him, remember that you require both hands to collect and assist him as he lands over a fence; keep both hands well down, your legs—especially calves—so placed as to anticipate his every movement. When he lands on the other side let the hands gradually go down, one on each side of his withers; this assists the colt and helps him without any loss of time. After you have given the colt enough work for the day, a pail of gruel will not be amiss, and a nice, warm linseed-and-bran mash will comfort him before he has his feed of corn. Never wash him; if he is muddy, brush him down and then bandage his legs, rug him up and leave him alone for a few hours.

Much can be said of the horseman who can break and make a hunter, and if he sells him for three figures he is not being overpaid for his work.

Chapter III

"Gee-ology," or Phrenology in Horses—The Strait Jacket—The Master Hand—The Pulling Rope—The Master Rein—The Way to Throw a Horse.

Chapter III

"GEE-OLOGY," OR PHRENOLOGY IN HORSES

BEFORE I give in detail my methods of handling vicious and bad-mannered horses, a lesson in the phrenology of the horse will assist you to judge the animal with which you are about to deal.

A good head does not always denote a sensible, docile nature, for, if the horse's early training was not properly carried out, then the horse may have acquired bad habits, or even have developed vices. In some instances we can reasonably compare this type of horse with a man of bad habits. Take some unfortunate individual who has been badly reared and not properly trained, who has been tempted and caught doing the wrong thing and thrown into gaol. This man may have quite a good-shaped head and open countenance, but the environment was wrong; oft-times a man of this calibre has been reformed when kindly treated and shown the error of his ways. But the hardened criminal with the criminal head and features is difficult to convert. The same thing

applies to the horse with a criminal head : it is difficult to conquer. But the horse with the good-shaped head who has been badly trained or broken, and thereby has formed bad habits, can be reformed by humane breaking methods. So could the criminal type of horse, but he would require no end of patience expended upon him and a strong-willed, even-tempered trainer. A bad-tempered man who employs brute force would infuriate a wicked horse and make him worse.

I will deal briefly with the phrenology of the horse, and endeavour to describe the heads we are most likely to come in contact with.

A remark usually passed when a new horse is bought, by various friends of the owner who are present to express their opinions of the new purchase, is, " Oh, hasn't he got a beautiful head ! " " Oh, what a lovely eye ! " So by these remarks we know that the average horse-lover has unconsciously a slight knowledge of phrenology in horses.

There are four types of horses most commonly met with. These can be described as follows :

(1) The kind head and eye. Lean, uniform head, broad between the eyes to the top of the head, ears well formed, a pleasing expression. This horse is easily trained, kind and obedient.

(2) The obstinate, sullen type, with a bulge between the eyes, which gives the eye an appearance of being situated at the side of the head; a heavy jowl, and thick throat-latch. This horse is difficult to master, and it requires great patience on the part of the trainer. He will resist you, and if the whip was given (by mistake) he would glory in being able to take a good hiding.

(3) The nervous type: the eye projecting towards the side of the head which enables him to see as much behind as in front. The eyes are large and full of fear. He will have a fight, and nervousness will cause him to kick. He will shy and try to run away, but if treated by my methods and used kindly, with patience he can be mastered. Of course, violence would be disastrous.

(4) The vicious type has a prominent forehead, dish face, small subtle eye—which indicates treachery. His ears are obviously ugly. He is dangerous and is seldom mastered, and he has to be mastered many times before he gives in. This is the type of horse that brought fame to the horse-trainers I have previously referred to, for these horsemen successfully tackled this criminal type of horse and made him quite submissive.

If any of these dangerous types of horses are properly handled and trained when colts they will form good habits, and it should be clearly understood that when

a colt forms a habit, whether good or bad, it sometimes remains with him, and, although curable, it requires a great deal of patience in order to effect a cure.

I once handled an unbroken colt with a head exactly as described in Type 4. This colt was dangerous, kicked wildly, and would fight his way through any fence, if given the chance, and he would kick savagely, too. He was rising three years. I secured him in a very strong loose-box, and when I locked myself in with him he made several attempts to kick me both with fore and hind feet. I gave him a confidence lesson. He did some smart kicking when I touched his heels with the whip, but, finding his escape from me was impossible, he wisely gave in and commenced to follow.

In such a case as this make sure to impress upon the colt's young mind that man is master; so when I completed the full confidence lesson I tied his head to his tail (I will explain this later). After a few hours' treatment (each lesson lasts one hour, and I only work a colt about one hour a day) this colt was quite friendly. But to continue my treatment: I put him down on the ground and handled him all over. He never once had his own way with me; I was at all times the master, and he formed a "habit" of submitting kindly every time I handled him. If, on the other hand, he had

succeeded in winning, even one trick, the wicked portion of his brain would have been active. My idea was to let his natural gifts of viciousness (as denoted by his head) lie dormant, give them no training, but let good habits overrule them.

If this colt had been tackled by some horsemen that I have seen at work with colts, I know that his predominating gift or feature, " wickedness," would have developed itself automatically, for the system employed, viz., four men on ropes pulling at one end, the colt fighting at the other, not knowing which man was the master, would cause him to kick and fight furiously, and he would probably make good his escape or kick somebody, and, even if exhausted, he would be ready to fight again when revived. Consequently, no proper discipline could be arrived at, so the shape of his head and his actions would determine his character and he would be easily judged as dangerous.

The same applies to the colt with a good head; when handled as described, by rough breakers, bad habits are formed, grow with the colt, and are very difficult to cure. So if the colt with a good head which has been badly trained kicks at you, he is termed " wicked," and if the colt with the wicked head trained by my methods did not offer to kick you, and recognised

you as man, the master, you would describe him as docile. So, therefore, it is quite obvious that correct training is absolutely essential.

THE STRAIT JACKET

Having given a brief outline and delineation of the horse's character, I will now proceed to explain how my late father used to put a vicious horse or wild bucker in the "strait jacket." I have used it myself on several occasions, and it is quite adequate when dealing with an outlaw. Tie the horse to a post, and throw a looped rope over his quarters, the loop being large enough to touch the ground behind the horse whilst the upper parts rest on his back. The horse will kick when the rope touches him, but when he is quiet, work the loop down the quarters to the hocks, then pull the loop tight to secure the hind legs. It will be as well to make a few half-hitches. Next, pass the rope over and round the loins and tie a single knot ; then draw the end under the belly towards the front legs and tie the rope round them securely above the knees. Next, take the rope over the shoulders and tie it to where the front legs are hitched.

The horse can move about, but soon realises he is mastered. You can now mount him bare-back ; a

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE STRAIT-JACKET.

[*Facing p.* 70.

Photo by] *[Sport and General.*

THE MASTER HAND. THE CORRECT POSITION TO ADOPT WHEN FIXING IT.

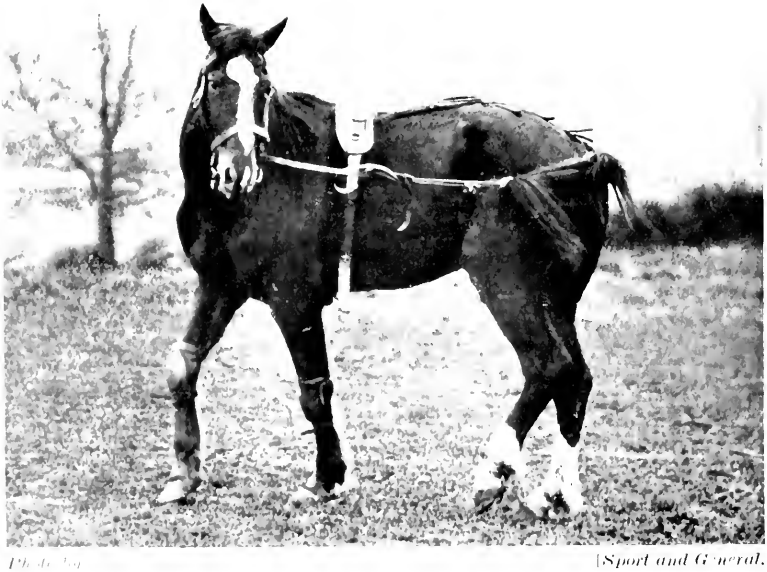

Photo by] *[Sport and General.*

THE MASTER HAND. "NOW I CANNOT KICK OR PLUNGE."

saddle can be put on and you can continue to mount and dismount until he is perfectly quiet.

THE MASTER HAND, OR TYING THE HORSE'S HEAD TO HIS TAIL

This is really a scientific utilisation of the horse's strength against himself. It is a great improvement on the old rough and brutal way of handling either a colt or a full-grown horse.

The position is attained by tying the animal's head round (with the head-collar rope) to its tail. If the horse has a long tail a tail-cord is easily fixed. If the horse is docked it can be done by first tying the cord (strong cord) round the tail towards the top, then take the middle hair and turn it up and bind the cord round tightly, making a few half-hitches, then slip the end of the cord through the loop of hair. Make another half-hitch to secure it, then tie a loop in the end of the cord.

To do this on a dangerous horse may seem impossible, but if the near fore-leg is strapped up and the war bridle used, it is quite easily done. You can swing the horse round a dozen times and daze him for the time being.

Next, take the head-collar rope or strap and put it through the loop in the tail cord, then draw the head round slowly to an angle of about 40 degrees. Tie

the rope and allow the horse to turn round and round, but be sure to have him on soft ground, with no shoes on. He cannot fall down ; he may possibly stagger down.

If the horse you are applying the " master hand " to is a nervous type, five minutes' treatment should be enough, whereas a stubborn animal would require, say, fifteen minutes or even more.

When the horse has settled down into a quiet state, take a long pole and touch his nose with it ; let him feel it. Then get the horse used to being touched all over. If the animal tries to kick, insist on touching him and using him to the poling. As a rule, when he kicks he will automatically whirl himself round in a circle.

While in this position you can show him papers and old sacks ; touch him with them and get all the resistance out of him. In the case of a bad kicker, you can usually succeed in harnessing after the master hand has quieted him.

I am going to deal with various vices and vicious types in which the master hand will play a great part.

THE PULLING ROPE

I shall recommend this rope for various " dodges." It can also be used with great advantage in teaching a colt to lead. The way to fix it is as follows. After having

put a good halter or bridle on the horse, take a rope twenty feet long, place one end over the horse's back, draw it carefully under the stomach and tie it in a slip-knot around the body just in front of the hind legs; then bring the long end of the rope under the body and through the front legs, up through the ring in the halter, and tie the end securely to a strong post or tree. Now make a noise in order to force the horse back in the rope. When he runs back he will automatically jump forward, and he will soon stop running back or breaking away when tied up.

This pulling rope is a wonderful cure for various bad habits, which I will describe later.

A lady friend of mine used to have a favourite pony, but he would not be tied up in the stable. If he was tied he would run back and break his head-collar; and, moreover, if he was tied to a gate in the street he would run back and break his bridle. She called at my farm once to see a mare and foal, but she insisted upon having her pony unharnessed and placed in a loose-box before she ventured away. It was then, when she explained to me all about her pony's bad habits, that I told her I would cure him; but she doubted me very much—especially as her groom had tied a rope round his neck and to a tree, and nearly strangled the poor little chap.

I said, "Your groom didn't know where to put the rope"; and then and there I placed the pulling rope around the pony's body and worked him out. Afterwards I instructed her to tie him up with his bridle on. I then fired my gun over his head and he stood quite quiet. He was always safe to tie up after that lesson.

THE MASTER REIN. THE WAY TO USE IT

No matter how rough the horse may be, he can be humanely broken and subdued by the master rein.

Lead the horse into the field or an enclosure—a good big farm stock-yard is an ideal place, because if he gets away from you before you are proficient it doesn't much matter, for he cannot go far. Have a good strong open bridle on, a big double-ring snaffle-bit, with cheek leathers, the surcingle as described, long reins, good set of bandages and knee-caps, the foot-straps and the master rein as seen in illustration. The driving long reins are running through the low rings on the surcingle. Take the reins in the left hand and the master rein in the right hand, give the command "Get up!" and let the horse walk round the imaginary circle as described in colt-training; gradually let the horse feel a little pressure on the master rein. Shout at him, and tell him to do what he likes; if he is going

to rear or kick, be ready, and give a good pull on the master rein and bring him to his knees. Let the rein loose and allow him to get up. Give the command "Whoa!" and at the same time give a pull on the master rein. When he gives in, remove the master rein, but leave the straps on the fetlocks. He will still think you have the rein on with which to down him. Continue to drive around the circle without the rein.

Next, get ready to harness him, but put the master rein on again before you harness him to the cart. When harnessed, use the master rein and pull his legs away from him; let him see you can always down him. When you think you have reduced the power of the master rein to your driving reins and voice, then take it off again, but leave the straps on his legs. By gradually removing the straps he will not associate your victory with them. Some horses require downing several times, while others soon submit.

If the horse does something wrong at a particular place, drive him and be ready to down him just as he is getting ready to kick, rear or jib. If the horse is an outlaw it will be necessary to throw him on his side a few times and show him what really can be done if he is a naughty boy. Then work him out in long reins and the master rein.

THE WAY TO THROW A HORSE

I have often bubbled over with excitement when I have been watching various veterinary surgeons throwing colts to castrate them or for operation. Their system always makes me feel I could go and take off their heavy ropes and hobbles and use my own light tackle. Their method requires a deal of assistance, and the crowd of people helping tends to terrorise the animal. The method is not effective in preventing the horse from struggling violently and dangerously, both whilst in the act of being thrown and after it is actually down. With this method of hobbles several men are necessary. The horse is thrown down violently, and then two men sit on his head to keep him down, and if he struggles he sometimes injures his back. My system, which I am going to explain in detail, is free from the drawbacks mentioned above, and only requires one man ; sometimes I have an extra hand to hold a rope tied to the tail to prevent a wild fellow from pitching on his head. The illustrations will give a good idea of how it is done.

The halter must be a strong one ; use the surcingle and have the crupper on to prevent the surcingle from slipping forward. Fasten the left forefoot with a foot-

strap (like a breeching-strap) round below the fetlock, and buckle the strap through the belly-band. Fix the end of the throwing-rope (one-inch rope will do) to the left ring on the top of the surcingle, pass it through the ring in the back of halter or head-collar, from the left side to the right side, and back through the other ring on the right side of surcingle. Take the end of the rope and stand on the right side. Gradually pull his head round to his right side until he goes down on his knee—he will drop to his left side; keep the rope tight, and he will not be able to get up, no matter how he struggles; let his head go loose to ease him. As soon as he tries to get up just pull his head back to his side, and he will be rendered helpless.

In the case of a kicker or vicious horse, allow him to struggle half-way up, and then show him you can throw him down again. Let him get up and stand for a few seconds, then throw him once again. Do not exhaust him or overdo him. The idea is to show him that you are his master. Always show a bad horse that you can put *him* down. The same applies in the case of a bad man.

Chapter IV

The Kicking Horse—The Nappy Horse or Jibber—Breaking a Runaway Horse—Biting and Snapping—The Rearing Horse—The Nervous Horse—Shying.

[Photo by] [Sport and General.

THE MASTER REIN.

[Facing p. 80.

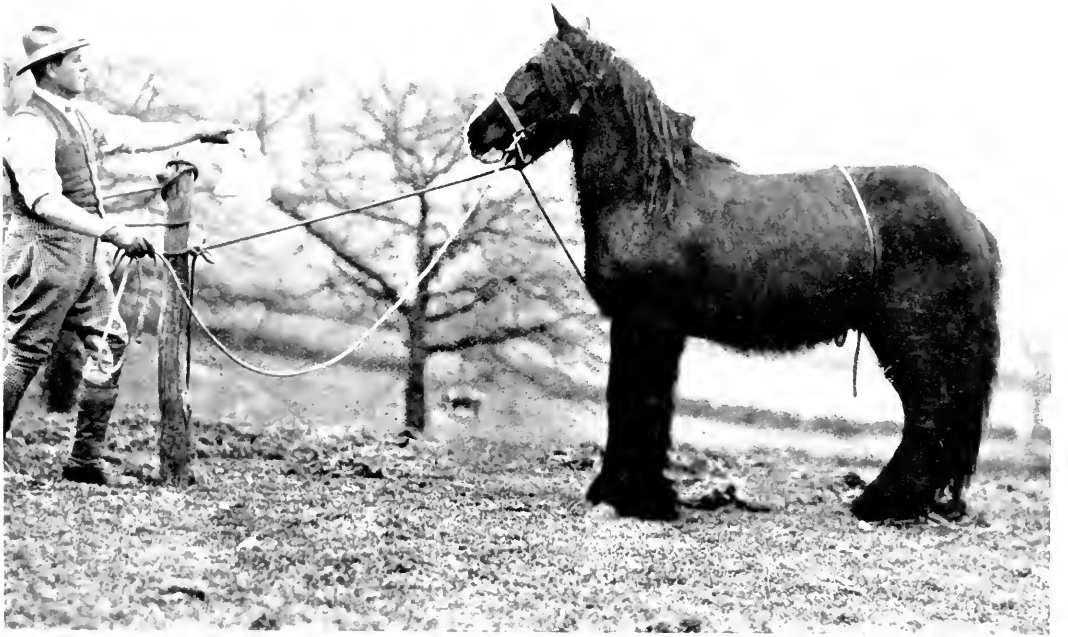

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE PULLING-ROPE. TESTING A HORSE WITH A PIECE OF PAPER. HE WILL NOT RUN BACK.

Chapter IV

THE KICKING HORSE

NATURE has provided all animals with some means of defence, and kicking is the horse's natural method. As we know the horse, he has no more need to kick than a goat to use her horns, but the fact remains that an enormous number of horses have this habit.

The causes of kicking are numerous, but I will reduce them to two. Certain horses have the instinct of self-defence developed so highly that at the least indication of danger or mistreatment they are prepared to defend themselves. The tendency is so marked in some that they kick at almost anything, and the habit becomes so fixed that we say they have a disposition to kick. The other type is the nervous colt, who kicks when you approach him, yet when you make friends with him he forgets to kick and invariably licks your hand. There is no reason to class the previous type of kicker as an outlaw and think it cannot be handled because it has this disposition; its natural tendencies will only

require patience and persevering efforts to make it as obedient and affectionate as the erstwhile nervous colt. Most horses kick, not on account of a bad disposition, but because their owners were ignorant, and really taught them to kick by bad breaking and training.

If a horse kicks when the breeching-straps accidentally break going down a hill it is only an indication that he was not educated properly when a colt. Kicking when the reins get under the tail is another indication of bad training in colthood. I cannot place too much emphasis upon the necessity for thorough colt-training.

The way I handle a nervous kicker is quite simple. I throw him on the ground (this usually takes place in a field, and I have plenty of litter about). When the horse shows complete subjection by throwing, I use him to being touched all over with the whip ; then a sack full of hay is pulled over his body and rested on his hind-quarters, until he shows no resistance at all when touched. I then put the horse in a loose-box and pole him all over with a long stick (like a broom-stick). He is next harnessed and driven in long reins, commencing at a walk. The continual feeling of the rein dangling uses the horse to being constantly touched behind, the place where most kickers resent being touched, and the place where a good many grooms fail to clean them when

they kick—this usually necessitates a pail of cold water being thrown over them instead of being given a good grooming.

The practice of lounging does not appeal to me, whereas the long reins exercise and mouth at the same time. If the horse still shows signs of kicking, I tie an old sack full of straw to his tail until he gets used to being touched, and eventually ignores it and gives in to commonsense treatment. The master hand assists me greatly, and the kicker soon realises he has an all-powerful master.

Mr. Sidney Hough, of Arab fame, once told me he had a bad kicking mare that used to run away—when she had kicked the trap to pieces and broken all the harness. She was a Hackney mare, Burton May Queen, the winner of the late Walter Winans' Challenge Cup for any pedigree Hackney that could trot a mile in three minutes. The mare was quiet then, and never kicked. Mr. Hough explained that the kicking was a new habit she had formed. He had turned her out and "washed his hands of her." During our conversation Mr. Hough said, "If you can cure her you may have her for a present."

Needless to say, I went to his stud farm the next day and brought Queenie home. After giving her the

confidence lesson, I applied the master hand, after which she laid peacefully on the ground and allowed me to touch her all over, and she was never any more trouble.

We became great pals, and my friend's children used to come and play with her in the loose-box. We had many drives behind her. Nobody knew how I handled and broke her. They only saw me driving her in the street after she had been handled.

Another bad kicker I handled was Coopersale Dot, a thirteen-hand Irish Hackney-bred pony, a clever huntress and winner of many races. She came from Aldridge's Repository; I bought her after she had smashed her new owner's trap to pieces. This pony appeared on the cinematogaph in my film, "Humane Horse-Breaking." The film showed me driving the pony in long reins. I afterwards drove the pony in my show waggon without a bridle, bit or reins, much to the surprise of many well-known horsemen. Of course, I had the master rein on, with which to control her, for she was a confirmed kicker and had been constantly drugged by her previous owners to such an extent that she was useless. The least exertion affected the heart, and the result was a swoon or fainting-fit.

I have heard horsemen refer to kickers they have

had to deal with in their time; for example, I will quote one case, but all are much the same.

The horse was a kicker, and it took three men to harness him and two to drive him. Two kicking-straps were used. Yet the *horseman* goes on to relate how on certain occasions the horse would go quietly and never kick, and then at a certain time he would set to kicking. These horses, according to their owners, are "garratty," or "scatty," which are slang terms for megrims, or staggers. But I am not of the same opinion.

Now I will endeavour to explain my theory. Kicking is a bad habit; horses, like men, are addicted to bad habits. The man of a certain character will remain sober for months, then suddenly break out and drink heavily for a week or two; then he will give it up and remain sober again for a long period. The individual has not been broken of his habit; what's more, he does not wish to be broken. Now, in the case of this peculiar type of kicking horse, he has not been properly cured or broken, and he gets tired of the habit for a period; then a slight reminder causes him suddenly to resume kicking. A thorough course of scientific breaking would break the habit, for if he is content to go quietly for a certain period he can be persuaded to give it up altogether.

The horses that are called garratty by some horsemen are nothing of the kind. The symptoms of megrims are entirely different from these periodical outbreaks of kicking and bolting. Sometimes the so-called garratty horse, who starts to kick, takes fright at the loose and broken harness touching him and bolts, smashing himself up. If he had been properly broken he would not do it.

The *real* garratty horse, who suffers from temporary pressure on the brain, producing partial or entire insensibility, may result from pressure of the collar, extra exertion, and possibly from excessive heat. Plethoric animals with short necks are very liable to it. The fit comes on suddenly and without warning, and most often when the animal is in harness. I have known of bearing-reins being the cause, because they prevent the natural free action of the head. In slight cases the horse stands still, looks round, throws his head up stupidly, and then goes on as if nothing had happened. *He does not kick or bolt.* In severe cases *he rears up*, turns round madly, and is likely to run into anything ; after a second plunge he will come down heavily upon the ground. The horse should be dieted and well physicked, and general health assured by a judicious system of feeding.

Now, this type of horse could not possibly kick or bolt, and the symptoms are quite different from the habits

of the kicking horse or runaway. If the so-called garratty horse had a fit of staggers this would easily be detected. My opinion is this: when some horsemen come in contact with a horse that occasionally indulges in a kicking bout they are so afraid that they dispose of it, and in excusing themselves they are bound to say, "Well, the horse was 'a little wrong upstairs,' and dangerous to drive." If they really thought this I feel sure they would have the brute destroyed and not let some innocent individual risk his neck behind such a dangerous animal.

Now, to continue my routine of lessons, I always caress and speak kindly. Cruelty and brute force only develop the kicking habit, and have never been known to cure it. I have seen brute force used by a great many dealers and other so-called horsemen, and invariably they are compelled to employ thick leather kicking-straps to prevent the horse from kicking too high. As I once heard a dealer say, "He is bound down to keep the peace." The kicking-strap is a preventive; when it is removed the horse kicks just as badly, and he is never cured of this dangerous habit.

After I have "long-reined" him for a few days, I harness him in a long-shaft kicking-cart and drive him quietly in a field for not more than half an hour. The

old coper's practice of driving a horse fifty miles to tire him out has ruined many a good animal, laminitis having set in and proved fatal.

I always like to tackle a horse when he is in good spirits and in good condition. He then becomes quieter when he is in regular work. It is poor credit to a trainer to tackle and break underfed, low-spirited colts, for I have known them to turn out very troublesome afterwards when well-fed and conditioned. After a few drives in my long-shaft cart I drive the horse in a sulky, and he hears his trainer's voice close behind him all the time he is being driven. This inspires confidence, and when once the animal has confidence in his master he never kicks again. The master rein is very effective in the case of a dangerous kicker.

The old saying, "When a horse once kicks he always kicks," is absurd, and those who thoughtlessly use the remark are very poor specimens of horsemen. If a horse kicks through fright it is a sure sign that he was badly broken, and, of course, if the owner does not know how to cure him correctly, and buys a kicking-strap as a preventive, the horse will always kick. But give the horse a course of my training, and I guarantee he will never kick the second time. In the case of an old and confirmed kicker who has mastered every owner he

has had, the kicker who was badly broken and who has changed hands every week in the year, the kicker who has been "spiffed," or drugged, and unscrupulously placed in a horse repository for sale by a horse-coper with a view to "catching a mug," all these could be cured by my system; but patience would be required, and the horse who has been constantly drugged (to quieten it) would not be worth curing. After all, the kicker is a legacy of bad breaking, and the ignorance that exists amongst the majority of horse-breakers to-day is surprising. They have no scientific methods; they are too pig-headed to be told or to learn, and are content to break valuable horses in a haphazard, careless way, their only system being a long cavesson rein and a dumb jockey.

THE NAPPY HORSE, OR JIBBER

Of all bad habits, jibbing is probably the most exasperating. Nothing tires one's patience more than to harness a horse in a hurry only to find that he is not ready to start, and, what is more, not likely to be ready for an hour or so.

Many drivers make the atmosphere warm by emitting a volley of bad language and cracking the whip. Others thrash the horse unmercifully, until the animal

becomes absolutely confused. It would be better, instead of this stupid outburst of temper, to imitate Charlie Chaplin or George Robey, and to slash the fence with the whip! The horse's confusion would change to astonishment and he would probably move off.

Gentlemen of the coper fraternity resort to the snuff method known as "spiffing" to start what is known as a "nappy" horse (blowing black snuff into the left nostril—a very cruel practice), while some give an injection of cocaine.

I have seen bad-tempered men tie a chain round the horse's neck and drag him behind a cart until the neck has been dislocated. Another old dealers' trick is to harness the horse up in a field, place a truss of hay about fifty yards away, and to leave the horse alone. When he feels hungry he will walk towards the hay; but this method is forming a worse habit—that of running away—and eventually the horse, when coaxed to start, wants to run away, and is worse than ever, and when stopped he resumes the jibbing.

My attention was called the other day by some gypsies to a jibber they had; he certainly was a bad one, and gloried in being able to take a hard thrashing. He was too old to coax, and he knew he could stand as long as he liked.

Photo by] *[British Illustrations, Ltd*

"THROWING" A HORSE.

Facing p. 90.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

"THROWING." PULLING THE HORSE ON TO HIS SIDE.

Photo by] [*Sport and General*

"THROWING." LYING ON HIS SIDE, QUIET AND COMFORTABLE.

I was rather amused when the gypsy lad informed me that his father could do anything with a nappy horse, and I remarked that he certainly could, but apparently to no good end.

"How is it," I asked, "that when the horse stands still you pet and caress him, and when he attempts to move forward you thrash him? It is only natural that he prefers to stand still and receive the caresses instead of the thrashing."

The lad looked bewildered, but was apparently afraid to tell his father, who was reciting "The Wreck of the Hesperus" to the horse in about thirteen different languages.

After studying all these methods for jibbers used by many horsemen I have never heard or seen of any cure resulting from them.

It is usually bad drivers who make horses nappy or jibbers. This is especially the case when dealing with a spirited youngster who, when he jumps forward, receives a jerk in the mouth, and when he backs receives the whip, and in his confusion he stands still or prances up and down. Jibbing is a confused, inactive, and almost insensible condition of the mind. The whip fixes his mind, confuses him, and makes him all the more insensible to his surroundings.

It is difficult to state the cause of this bad habit, but many cases have been set up by sore shoulders and the slippery London streets, where the horse is unable to get a foothold on the tar-and-asphalt roads, eventually falling to his knees when trying to start a heavy load. He then becomes so nervous that he is afraid to move, and feels much safer standing still. The jibbing habit is soon developed at this stage. The streets nowadays are made expressly for motor traffic, and the horse does not even receive secondary consideration.

My methods for handling jibbers are quite different to those already described. I teach the horse the meaning of the commands, "Whoa!" and "Get up!" when driving in long reins; then, when I see by his ears that he intends to stop, I give the command "Whoa!" and a sharp jerk at the reins, by which means he is stopped before he has the chance to pull up of his own accord. This puts him into a thoughtful mood, and when he hears the command "Get up!" he immediately starts forward. I make him stop at the word "whoa," and take him quite unawares every time. I then use my master rein, and when he shows the slightest sign of stopping I pull the rein and bring him to his knees. When he rises I give a light stroke with the whip and he jumps forward; I give the command

"Get up!" and at the same moment use the whip. This is persisted in until I get the resistance out of him, and then I harness up to my long-shaft cart.

I show him that I can bring him to his knees in the shafts as well as out of the shafts. I always throw the effect of the master rein into the driving-reins and voice, and dispense with the master rein as soon as the aim can be accomplished.

I carry my tackle with me and use it where I think he will try to jib, showing him that I am master at all times and places. I always keep my presence of mind, and full attention is fixed upon my horse, his every action being anticipated. The horse that has been flogged by every master for years and years is so surprised at this treatment, and at the absence of cruel usage of the whip, that he finds it a pleasure to go.

The last horse I handled was an old jibber; the new owner was at a loss to do anything with him, and he was advised to send him to me to be cured. I worked the animal in the master rein and threw him several times, and he was quite surprised, naturally expecting a thrashing such as his new owner had already given him. I did not confuse the horse, but surprised him, and pleasantly at that, for when I harnessed him he reared up and gave a big plunge into the air, then started off

at a good trot up a very steep hill. I called "Whoa!" at the top, but he tried to proceed, so I pulled him up to rest. The same afternoon we balked potatoes up with him, and he worked well. The owner took him back, and he worked for the first week, when someone forgot that the whip was his greatest enemy and lashed him, by force of habit (for most drivers so use the whip), and the horse stopped and refused to pull. I heard that several carmen passing pulled up and helped the unfortunate animal's driver to thrash him, but without avail, and again the horse changed hands for better or for worse.

In the case of a confirmed jibber, before harnessing I use the master hand, as previously described. When he is turning round, take the whip and give a few good, determined strokes, at the same time giving the command, "Get up!" This will make him remember what "get up" really means. Then work him out with the pulling-rope as already described. Let him pull back and jump forward. Keep this on when you harness, and have someone take hold and give a few good pulls; he will soon follow and begin to pull, without any administration of the whip. I know a great many horsemen who are of the opinion that they can drive a nappy horse, but they invariably fail in their attempts, and the

horse is passed along to another of their friends. Then the horse gets worse, having the satisfaction of mastering each and every owner. I was going to say "master," but this would be wrong, so I will put "owner."

During my travels I once heard of a mare for sale. The owner, a horse-dealer, had been upset, and had notified his intention of selling her to various "hangers-on" who touted to find customers (sometimes these "would-be friends" are called "dragsmen").

One of these gentlemen, thinking I was somewhat simple, by my general demeanour, approached me and asked if I wished to buy a real good mare. I said, "Yes, I always like to buy a good one"; and so I was given the address of the horse-dealer. When I arrived it was dark, and the mare was turned out in a field. I had, of course, found out by this time the true facts, otherwise I should have waited till daylight before I made my purchase. However, the mare became my property; she was everything that could be desired, according to the dealer; in fact, she was perfect—so he said—and I let him induce me to buy her. I knew he was determined to sell her because she would not pull his trap out of the yard, and she used to "run back" and lead Mr. Dealer a pretty fine dance. Of course, he did not know that I knew the truth about her. So I

bought her for a ten-pound note, and he smiled when my sister and I took the mare away; but I noticed a long, strange look pass over his face the next market-day when I drove the mare through the High Street in my Stratford cart. After the confidence lesson the pulling-rope was what I used to teach the mare not to run back; and a lesson in long reins soon put her right. I sold her the following week to a friend who insisted upon buying her, and tempted me with a very handsome profit.

I have found that when I have been handling a bad jibber, and have nearly got the upper hand of him, he turns to kicking for a change; but I always think this is a good sign, and I then work him in long reins and tie a few tin pans to his tail and let him have his kick out. After all, this is only temper because he can see he is being gradually made to pull and do as *I* wish. I do not believe in pouring water down a jibber's ears, nor do I agree with lighting fires under the animal to frighten him into starting. Many horsemen resort to these foolish methods for want of knowing better, and I hope that when they read my system of handling a nappy horse they will discontinue the old brute-force methods and try kindness and common sense.

The way some horses are constantly kept in the stable

by some owners and well fed is enough to develop the nappy habit; and it is a wonder there are not more nappy horses about. Some years ago I bought a very nappy cob: he would *not* go. The way I broke him was quite different from the method I have just described. I think it will be worth while mentioning.

I left him without food for twenty-four hours; I then saddled him and rode him a few yards till he stopped. I waited until he started; directly he offered to start I gave him a handful of bran which I kept in a nosebag strapped around his neck. I taught him to go by rewarding him for his every effort, but he received no food when he jibbed. After he had trotted a hundred yards I again rewarded him with bran, until he trotted half a mile, and gradually increased the distance. I never fed him in the stable. He was only fed *after* he had done his work, and he used to go splendidly with the idea of getting a feed.

I remember he was fed by mistake one morning in his stall, and after his feed he refused to leave the stable, and I had to train him all over again—but it was easier the second time.

I never used a whip, for it is the worst thing to apply unless it is used at the right time. Some horsemen are too fond of "steel-lined" whips, and carry the beastly

things with them wherever they go in case someone steals it out of their cart. In consequence they hit every horse they see in the sale-yard and frighten nervous horses, and have been known to cause serious accidents. The idea of the whip, in their estimation is to show people they are connected with *horse-flesh* and that they know how to "tickle one up the ribs." A good horseman never carries a whip about with him. He only uses it when necessary, and then with discretion.

Average horsemen all use the same absurd methods with a jibber, and the horse gets used to them and expects the same treatment; he continues jibbing, thinking that it is what is expected of him. The habit sinks deeper and deeper into his mind until he will not go at all. As proof of this, the horse that jibs will usually go in double harness. Why? Because as soon as he is harnessed up the other horse starts, and Mr. Jibber also starts with him, being surprised at not having the "jibbing treatment" which has so often been meted out to him.

Jibbers are not born: they are made by ignorant so-called horsemen. I have never come across a colt that jibbed naturally. He will usually pull when he gets the idea, and if handled correctly will continue to do so and become the slave of man till the end of his

days, when he is sometimes sold for a few pounds to a cruel master instead of being peacefully laid to rest.

BREAKING A RUNAWAY HORSE

The runaway is a type of horse that should always be avoided, and it is a dangerous task for any but a very capable horseman to try to drive one. I have known of several fatal accidents caused solely by incompetent people attempting to do this. Some horsy men will introduce a jaw-breaking bit with which to injure and bruise the horse's mouth, whilst others employ two pairs of separate reins, one pair for the unfortunate passenger to hold in case the horse "takes the bit in his mouth" and bolts. Other gentlemen of the coper fraternity will nick the nostril or roof of the mouth with a sharp knife and draw several pints of blood, thus rendering the horse so weak that he can hardly stand up. This is when they mistake a runaway for a case of megrims. (The more fits of megrims a horse experiences the quieter he becomes. The first fit in a colt is awful to watch.)

My question is, do any of these horsemen's methods actually break the habit of running away? Of course not. After all, it is only a habit that was caused probably through an accident, or the neglect of unskilled horsemen—generally bad breaking and mouthing.

The thing is to break the habit, and not to break the horse or his mouth. Horses soon form habits. "Get over" in the stable, stopping at a familiar old inn, and everything your horse does regularly are habits. Some horses develop bad habits and are allowed to continue in them, but if they are properly broken as colts and trained they will not form bad ones. They will thoroughly understand their masters and what is said by them.

To break a horse of the bolting habit it is necessary first of all to make good friends, and show your animal that you are his lord and master at all times. To do this you must lay him down on the ground and make a fuss of him, feed him with apples, sugar and bread. Then allow him to get up, but continue to caress him. Remember he is a runaway, that he has never been taught the correct meaning of the word "whoa," and the habit of stopping at command has not been developed. In short, the schooldays were very brief and his lessons were very poor ones; his education has been neglected.

To continue the method of breaking, the horse is harnessed in bridle and ordinary humane bit, with long reins and surcingle, and is driven in a field, and the "Whoa!" is given at various points. When giving this command I draw the reins tight and pull the horse up, continuing this for half an hour to make him

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE MASTER REIN AND LONG REINS READY FOR ACTION. ("SUZETTE," WELSH COB).

[*Facing p.* 100.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE RUNAWAY HORSE. HE IS CHECKED BY THE MASTER REIN.

Photo by [*Sport and General.*

THE RUNAWAY HORSE. SUBDUED AND READY FOR THE COMMAND "WHOA!" (THE LATE EUSTACE FAVIN IS SEEN ACTING AS ASSISTANT.)

understand the word "whoa." I then drive him in long reins without the bit, and give the same command. I always lay him on the ground before driving in long reins. Then I harness him up and, using my master rein, drive him in a field first, without a bit in his mouth, the reins being buckled on the sides of the bridle. Then, to begin with, I let him walk. He cannot "take the bit in his mouth," or "grasp the bit," because there is no bit there. It is not the mouth we have to master, but the horse's *brain.* He cannot reason, as some people imagine, so I reason for him. His brain controls his muscles, and his legs are the little gifts of Nature with which he runs. Therefore I control his legs while driving around the field. If he does not stop at once when I say "Whoa!" I just gently pull my master rein, and he is brought to his knees (of course, knee-caps are used). I give the command "Whoa!" several times and then allow him to rise and to continue his little trot around the circle. He soon learns the meaning of the command without the use of a brutal jaw-breaking bit, which tears the cheeks, cuts the tongue, injures the jaw and eventually numbs the mouth, so that when the flesh becomes non-sensitive the horse can bolt quite easily, because after this brutal and ignorant treatment the tissues of the skin become so tough and callous

that no bit can hold him, and he is a confirmed runaway.

After a drive in the field I take the horse on the road for a ten-mile trip, using an indiarubber bit and my master rein, and also kind words, and now and then I say "Whoa!" and give a reminder at the same moment with the master rein; the mere thought of falling to his knees causes him to stop at once. This gradually impresses his brain, and he soon learns the meaning of the word "whoa." Eventually the horse will always stop at the command, and he has no desire to bolt.

It requires patience and kindness to bring about the cure, but the trouble is always rewarded. The horse in the illustration, when the photograph was taken, was a bad runaway. No bit could hold him, and the word "whoa" was foreign to him. An accident as a colt first caused the trouble. The groom did his best afterwards to cure him, but he was certainly a failure. The groom would show him motor-cars to get him accustomed to them, and drive him in a strong bit and a bearing-rein, but the horse used to go off just when he wanted to, in saddle as well as in the dogcart.

To-day his mouth is light and perfect; he does not require the reins—they are only a matter of form with

him. If he had not several bad scars, caused when he bolted, he would be worth a hundred guineas. I used the master rein at first, taught him to stop, then gradually reduced the use of the master rein, depending on my voice alone. I drive him with my voice. The only fault is that when going through a busy thoroughfare I have to think what I am saying to him. When I want to go steady I have to say, "Steady, not so fast!" If I said "Whoa!" I feel sure he would stop dead. But he understands now that he has a friend and master, and the voice is enough. He is the safest horse I have ever driven.

Many runaway horses have I cured, including an American trotting mare; she used to bolt in a race, and caused a great number of accidents. I took her from the owner for three weeks; he said he felt sure I should never succeed. However, I did, and she raced several times, never giving any trouble.

The master hand can be applied with great advantage in most cases. If the runaway has broken loose from a gate or post, work him in the pulling-rope; then use the master hand, and the more he tries to get away the faster he whirls round and round. This scientific method will soon break down the dangerous habit of running away.

When I was out in Western Canada the farmer I was harvesting for owned a runaway broncho cob. Everybody there was afraid of it except the farmer's cowboy son. He was not afraid of it, but admitted he could not master the animal. I had heard all about the wonderful horsemanship of the cowboy son. When he came home I was expecting to learn a few wrinkles from him. He rode the cob, and it ran away with him every time; fortunately the prairie is vast, and the broncho took him for several miles, eventually exhausting himself. But he would do the same thing when fresh again. The cowboys seldom talk to their horses, have good seats and bad hands. However, I took the broncho in hand, made some tackle, and in two weeks I had the cob submissive and ready to obey the command "Whoa!" The Canadians were surprised, for they usually think that an Englishman is the biggest fool of all men with horses. I felt proud then that I was an Englishman.

BITING AND SNAPPING

This habit is sometimes a legacy of teasing. The rough use of a curry-comb on a horse with a delicate skin will cause irritation and he will soon acquire the biting habit. If the habit is not checked it impresses itself deeper and deeper upon the horse's mind, until he

becomes a confirmed biter and has to be muzzled. The muzzle is only a preventive and not a cure.

A good level-headed groom or horseman seldom allows his horse to get into this bad habit, but some grooms have been known to tease a good-tempered horse to try and make him bite. In the initial stages the Indian war bridle will bring about a speedy cure, together with judicious grooming and firm, sensible management.

I once had a very dangerous biter to handle. He was placed in a large loose-box when he arrived. The next morning I had a very difficult task to go into the box with him, for he bit and fought at me with his open mouth, savagely showing his teeth. He came from a horse repository and was "spiffed"; the purchaser did not know until the next day, when the horse took a piece out of the carman's arm. I was immediately consulted, and I instructed the owner to have the horse sent to me, but he was at a loss to know how to get the brute out of the stable. He was, however, advised to "spiff" (drug) the horse so that he could send him safely to my farm. (Chloral hydrate was given in a pail of water when the horse was thirsty.)

I was certainly afraid to enter the loose-box alone with this savage horse, so I got an old revolver loaded

with blanks. I opened the door quickly, and as soon as the animal made for me I fired the revolver in the air three times, and took him absolutely by surprise. Before he recovered from his little shock I slipped the war bridle on in position for severe action. I gave a few sharp jerks, and the horse stood quite still and did not attempt to move. I gave him a short confidence lesson until he followed me about the loose box.

To make sure of giving him a thorough course of treatment I applied the master hand. After this lesson I tied him up in the loose-box—but under the head-collar I had the Indian war bridle fixed, and the end of the rope was brought back and tied to the door, so that when I entered the box I had only to take hold of the rope and give a little jerk and the horse stood quite still and did not attempt to bite. I kept this on for one week, until he gave up the biting habit.

The next lesson was given while the horse was on the ground. I threw him a few times to show that he could be mastered without the aid of drugs, and at this instance he was handled all over and thoroughly accustomed to being touched. Upon rising he was quite calm, and followed like a sensible animal.

It will be interesting and pleasing for the horse-

lover to know that the whip was entirely excluded from the lessons given to this horse except, of course, the confidence lesson. It took two weeks to bring about the cure, and I am pleased to say it was a permanent one, for my account was not settled until six months after the horse had left my premises. By this time the owner knew it was a certain cure.

THE REARING HORSE

This objectionable and dangerous habit is invariably the result of bad training and breaking, and is almost always traceable to careless mouthing. The colt should always be taught gently to back without rearing. I have found the long-rein lesson teach the colt to obey the bit, and this lesson is usually enough to cure ordinary cases of bit-jibbing and rearing. Rearing horses are generally of a stubborn disposition. In bad cases I use the master rein as illustrated.

The method of breaking a wine-bottle over the head of a rearing horse is another absurd tactic employed by brutal horsemen. The master rein is a certain cure; rearers are soon broken and corrected by this simple, humane method. They soon give up when they drop heavily upon the knees, and prefer to stand safely on four legs.

I had a bad rearer sent to me to break last year. The peculiar thing about this horse was that as soon as he saw the harness, especially the collar, he would stand up straight on his hind legs, and although not vicious, he was certainly dangerous, flinging his fore-feet about wildly in all possible directions.

He had been twitched by previous owners, and apparently to no good purpose. I had him led to the field, and there I fixed the surcingle, long reins and master rein without exciting the horse. I caressed him and fed him with a few handfuls of oats. I then instructed my assistant to carry the harness with collar foremost towards the horse. Immediately he saw the harness he reared up straight. I then pulled the master rein tight, and drew his legs under his body so that when he came down he landed heavily upon his knees. It took about fifteen minutes to impress the horse that it would be much more congenial for him to stand quietly. When the harness was on I long-reined him, and reminded him occasionally by a pull on the master rein. This scientific method effected a permanent cure.

THE NERVOUS HORSE

Nervousness is not a vice but bears a great resemblance to it at times. It oft-times renders an animal dangerous

as if it were vicious, and this horse is consequently very often misjudged. It is the result of ill-treatment at some period of the animal's career. Kindness and gentle handling can alone effect a certain cure. I have seen women handle nervous horses with great success, for women are kind and very patient, and horses take kindly to them.

A gentle confidence lesson is as good as anything, for when you gain his confidence he will soon show marked signs of improvement.

SHYING

If the horse has been broken correctly he will never develop this objectionable habit. Shying results from three causes: bad breaking, nervous temperament, and defective eyesight. For the latter there is generally no cure. In this case blind winkers are necessary, but I do not recommend them for horses with good eyesight. If the habit is caused by nervousness much can be done to cure it. Should the horse shy at small objects, such as paper and dark patches, procure these articles and place them in the circle and long-rein the horse; let him see them and feel them. If the horse is afraid of steam or motors, drive him in long reins as directed in colt-training. A horse can think of only

one thing at a time, and while his mind is on the object, and the driver uses the whip, he thinks it is the object that inflicts the pain and not the whip. If he could reason, he would know it was the whip that inflicted the pain and not the object—but the horse cannot reason.

After the horse has taken to shying he should be thrown on the ground and shown all sorts of objects. These objects, such as paper and sacks, should be laid upon him, and he should be got quite used to them before being allowed to rise. Umbrellas, flags, tin cans are also useful. Then, when he ignores all the noises and sights, drive him in long reins amid the objects and noise of tin cans. Teach the command "Whoa!" the same as you would for a colt. If he is a grown horse, use the master rein and bring him down upon the papers and have someone to show them to him whilst he is on his knees. Make him obey the word "whoa." When driving on the road, stop and show him the objects he is afraid of. Be patient and do not hurry him past anything he is likely to shy at. Always use an open bridle.

I once trained a colt for a lady—a half-hackney thoroughbred five years old—and it was understood that it should be taught not to shy or to take fright. I worked in long reins as already described, and

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE REARING HORSE BEING DRIVEN WITH THE MASTER REIN.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE REARING HORSE FINDS THAT HE IS UNDER CONTROL.

[*Facing p.* 110.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE REARING HORSE.
THE MASTER REIN IS NOW SEEN IN ACTION, CONTROLLING THE FORE-LEGS.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE REARING HORSE.
THE MASTER REIN IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR REARING.

in addition I had some fireworks, such as squibs and Chinese crackers, and my friend fired my gun off. I got the colt so used to the noise that he would lie on the ground without any harness on and not attempt to get up. He was shown all the trains and motors, and taken under a bridge for a lesson, where he allowed the trains to go over without any commotion. Then I took him on top of a bridge and let him see a few trains pass beneath. I got him used to everything, and he was never any trouble. Yet he was high-spirited, very showy and full of courage. I should like to point out that he was never frightened; he was carefully shown everything.

Never frighten a horse. Have patience, and show him everything quietly, and he will soon learn not to shy. When a horse is a confirmed shyer it is obvious that at some time he has been frightened by the object he shies at. I had a mare some years ago who would pass everything with the exception of a three-wheeled tricycle. I learned indirectly that one of these tricycles had run into her and frightened her. I procured a tricycle and placed it in a big loose-box with her, after which I rested half a truss of hay on the seat and handle-bars. The mare was kept short of food, so she ate the hay—afterwards to find underneath it a tricycle that

she so much detested. She snorted and ran back, but her next meal was placed on the tricycle just the same, and she again ate it. Thus she gradually got used to the old jigger and ignored it. The machine was then placed in a yard and she was led past it several times. The machine soon formed part of her daily life, and she never shied again.

Chapter V

Dealers' Tricks and How to Avoid Them—Type—Conformation—Sound Legs—Broken Wind—The Roarer—Unnerving—The Use of Drugs—Advertising Unsound Horses—The Age of the Horse—Bishoping—Yorking—The Oldest Horse—The Story of Hollyrood Alice—The Way to Shoe a Horse that Brushes or Clicks—The Dragsmen Unveiled—The Value of a Veterinary Surgeon—The Herring Head.

Chapter V

DEALERS' TRICKS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

I HAVE promised to deal with the above, and if the reader already knows how to judge a horse, or has no intention of ever buying one, he will enjoy a quiet little smile, and the reader who anticipates buying a horse will not lose much by reading it carefully, studying the artful tricks of dealers.

Little do novices in horseflesh know or think how many tricks are resorted to by unprincipled dealers and copers to hide the defects of a horse from the uninitiated.

The first thing to do when buying a horse is to make sure that the horse you are looking at is the type of breed required for the work and not to be put off with something which is quite unsuitable.

First examine the eyes, and be sure to see your reflection in them. A blind horse always lifts his legs high and has uncertain action; to the novice he looks a good mover.

The jaws should be roomy and free from glandular swellings.

The neck should be muscular, and not level-necked and unshapely, or too straight or "poky-necked." The shoulder should be high and sloping to the withers. An upright shoulder is not suitable for a riding horse, yet quite in place for a harness horse, but, as my father used to say, "A good horse never has a bad shoulder." Good width between the legs and depth of girth denotes good lungs and a good heart. The back should be short, especially in the riding horse. It should be somewhat arched across the loins and the ribs should expand, especially between the last rib and the hip. This is called "well-ribbed-up." Loose ribs, long barrels, swamp backs, and roach backs are unpleasant to the eye, and no horse is pleasing to the eye that is unproportioned. Long barrels are not unwelcome in the case of a brood mare. The quarters should be round and full of muscle. The hips should be well developed.

The Irish-bred horse usually has a low rump, and a horse with a low rump and fairly high withers is usually a good jumper. Horses with very low rumps are known as "goose-rumped." It is essential that a horse wanted for jumping should have short quarters, the thighs muscular and extending to the back, which should

have a natural bend. Straight-legged horses are not desirable. Avoid cow-hocks and bandy hocks—I don't know which is the worst. The hock should be large and clean and fine, free from curbs, spavins and thoroughpins. The points of the hocks should be in a straight line with the back of the quarters. Capped hocks are not to be avoided, as most vets. will pass them. The knee should be large and slightly convex, with plenty of bone below the knee ; this means that the bone under the knee should not be pinched or in any way slender. The tendons should be clean and not soft or puffy. The pasterns should never be too long or sloping, but short pasterns with a slight slope are most desirable. The foot should be round and not narrow or contracted. The forelegs should be free from splints, side-bones and ring-bones. It would be as well to buy a veterinary book and study these bony substances.

Horses that stand with their legs "under them" may be suspected of kidney or spine trouble. A dealer will always hold this sort of horse's head high up, and also make the horse stand on high ground to hide any defects on the forelegs or pastern joints. If the dealer won't let the horse stand naturally have nothing to do with it. Always examine for broken wind, and the nostrils to see if they have been plugged with a lump of cottonwool

to prevent the snot from running down—if he is a "wet wid" (or a glandered subject): a broken-winded or wet wid runs at the nose. A "dry wid" coughs a harsh, husky cough. The dealer then gives a nice drink of glycerine, olive oil and cod-liver oil. This drink comforts the horse and temporarily prevents him coughing. Little food is given, to prevent the distended stomach from filling and coming in contact with the lungs.

The old method of loading with lead to weight the stomach down to prevent it touching the lungs is out of date now, and linseed oil clogs the lungs, so the first three named ingredients are the best and have been known to deceive the very elect. The best way to detect a "wid" is to "cough him"; that is, by pinching the windpipe immediately behind the jaw. If the horse gives a long sharp cough he is sound in this respect. But if the cough be husky, short and hollow, his lungs are obviously defective and he is classed as broken-winded or a "wid."

Then watch the flank in breathing. If the belly swells out and the inspirations and expirations are regular, then the animal has good wind; but if irregular, and it stops before it is completed and heaves a good deal, then the horse is broken-winded. Broken-winded horses are usually good ones—or were at one time,

before they were overdriven on a heavy meal. Again the horseman is to blame, for over-driving or over-riding. And the favourite horse, instead of being put to rest, is sold to a dealer, who gives him a drink to effect a temporary cure and places him in a fair or a repository. His dragsmen are on the lookout for the unwary—"the mugs," as they call them—and they are bluffed into buying the miserable brute. The temporary cure "sets a wid" for about two days. When the new owner learns, to his astonishment, that he has bought a broken-winded horse he is anxious to get rid of it. The dragsmen are close handy, and they buy it back for a small sum, and again the unfortunate wid is "set" and resold to some other poor, unsuspecting fool.

Another artful catch (much resorted to by copers and their dragsmen who infest the sale-yards) is to place a wid horse in a repository with a glowing warranty and a big reserve. The horse is not sold, and a "sham" is put up to take the horse home. But the dragsmen find a fool who has been looking for a *bargain;* he refers to the catalogue and is impressed with the warranty. A drink is suggested in "the little pub. round the corner," but the misguided purchaser realises too late that the warranty is purely a fake, the sale having been effected outside the repository and not *intra muros*.

My readers may save several pounds if the following warning is given and advice taken.

I am mentioning this for the benefit of women who are sometimes compelled to send their horses to public auctions. When a genuine horse is sent for sale and correctly warranted, it is sometimes bought by a certain type of dragsmen, taken home, and tried for the warranty. In the course of the trial the unscrupulous rogue *purposely* lames the horse, and obtains a vet.'s certificate; the horse is returned for being lame, the nervous owner is notified that the horse has been returned lame, with vet.'s certificate, and speedily visits the repository. But the journey is a fruitless one, for the dragsmen succeed in "putting the wind up" the excited and distressed owner, and eventually buy the supposed "lame" horse for a few pounds.

Always have your horses properly "vetted" *before* sending them to public auction sales, and lodge the certificates with the auctioneers. This precaution is poisonous to the dragsmen.

The roarer, whistler or piper should be avoided. To examine one, place him alongside a wall, hold his head up with the left hand, and with the right hand feign or pretend to strike it along the ribs or belly. If he grunts at the stick he is a roarer or a "bull"; if he jumps

wildly around, sobbing and drawing, he is a whistler or piper. A good gallop is the best test for both broken-winded and roaring horses. Examine both forelegs, and if there are many bony deposits such as ring-bones, splints, side-bones, or the hoof contracted and of bad shape, and yet the animal moves soundly, be suspicious of "unnerving." Take an ordinary pin and prick the legs. If the horse fails to move and cannot feel, be sure he has been "undone," or "unpropped," as the copers term it, and don't buy him. If the horse has a sleepy-looking appearance, examine his hind legs for fullness and capped hocks; if you discover his hind legs are blemished be sure he is a kicker and has been spiffed or drugged. This is done by giving a one-ounce ball of chloral hydrate or one ounce of tincture of opium—a very favourite trick of London copers.

When speaking of horse-coping, I use the term "Charting." No doubt my readers have read attractive advertisements in the papers of the following style:

"For Sale.—A pair of handsome Chestnut Geldings, seven years old. Quiet in single and double harness, regularly driven together, winners of many prizes. Property of a gentleman. Every warranty and trial given.—Apply COACHMAN ——."

This is called "out to catch a mug," and is generally done by horsey-looking gentlemen who are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

There are usually three partners. The assumed Cuthbert buys some horses with showy action, fresh legs and broken wind. Gerald hires or buys a carriage for a few shillings, also some harness. Bertie hires a stable, generally in a small mews in the West End, and he advertises the horses in all the leading papers. Cuthbert engages fashionable apartments and assumes the name of Major Cuthbert Lawson, D.S.O. Bertie acts as the groom. The bait is set and they await the arrival of Billy Muggins. Muggins rolls up at the mews. Bertie touches his cap very politely and shows Muggins the horses. Muggins, presuming he is doing something smart by calling at the mews unexpectedly, slips half-a-crown in Bertie's hand, thinking some news about the horses is forthcoming.

"What sort of gees are they, old fellow? Are they quiet? Do you know anything wrong with them? If you tell me, and I buy them, you shall have a box of Corona cigars, my good man."

"No . . . I don't know anything wrong, sir, but if I tell you, promise not to say a word."

Billy Muggins thinks he is now in for some good

information and slips another half-crown into Bertie's clutching hand.

"Well, sir, the off-side horse won't drink out of a pail, and we always have to lead him outside to drink."

Gerald now comes along in full-dress livery. "Come on, Bert, the boss wants the phæton at once."

Then Gerald, artfully pretending not to have noticed Muggins, says: "Good-morning, sir."

Muggins says, "Oh, are you the coachman? I have come to see the horses advertised."

"Yes, sir; the boss has got to join the regiment and has to catch the next train. You can ride with me and see how well they go, sir."

Muggins enjoys his little ride to Cuthbert's apartments. Cuthbert rushes off in a hurry to catch his train. He invites Muggins to ride with him and see the horses' fine action. When he arrives at the station he instructs Gerald to drive Muggins back to any part of London he wishes. The bait is swallowed. The kid is great. Cuthbert keeps the conversation going about the horses, and before parting on the platform Muggins gives Cuthbert his cheque, and a receipt and warranty is duly given. Gerald has orders to take the horses to Muggins' stables. Cuthbert takes a ticket to the Bank instead of Aldershot. The cheque is cashed. The

carriage returned, the stables are vacated, also the apartments; the horses are fed highly on corn and chaff, and plenty of hay and plenty to drink. Then Muggins proposes a drive, and gives his new steeds a good trot through the Park, when suddenly the gees begin to make an awful noise. He consults his coachman, who pronounces them as broken-winded. Muggins goes to Cuthbert's apartments but finds that the bird has flown.

A few days pass, and a rough-and-ready young fellow hears that Mr. B. Muggins has two horses for sale because they are broken-winded, and he tells Mr. Muggins he has a farm and will give the horses light farm work, being a discharged soldier (when really he was "on the run"). He would like them cheap, and he succeeds in getting them for a mere song. But they do not go on the farm. They have a nice drink, with little or no food, and are placed in a repository as the property of Lord Neverdrop. Cuthbert runs them up to one hundred guineas, and they are knocked down to another young mug, who thinks that because that horsy-looking gentleman bid so much for them he has not given too much by giving a fiver more.

There is another advertiser who advertises "Active cart-horses—mares in foal—must be sold through death." Juggins calls to see the horses, and the lady, or the

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

"THE FREECHING." TEACHING THE COLT TO BACK. (WELSH FILLY BY "GROVE WELSH DRAGON").

[*Facing p.* 124.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE NAPPY HORSE. HOW THE PULLING-ROPE IS APPLIED TO THE JIBBER IN THE LONG SHAFT SINGLE BREAK.

widow (?) who is watching proceedings, says, "No, Jim, don't sell him; he was the old guv'nor's favourite horse. We ought never to part with him."

Upon hearing this Juggins insists upon buying him, not knowing he has bought a cripple who has been levelled up for the occasion, viz., by striking the sound foot with a hammer to render it lame, like the unsound foot, thus making the animal go level and apparently sound. Giles, from the country, then calls to see the in-foal mares, and he is shown two old broken-winded, pot-belly mares. These he is told proved in foal after they came from Scotland, and Giles is tempted to buy them—much to his regret, for after foaling season he can see how he has been bitten.

A great many horsemen, and veterinary surgeons too, have been deceived when buying a horse with regard to his age. Experience—and experience only—teaches how to tell a horse's age. I always examine a horse's teeth and afterwards ask the correct age—if I know the owner has bred the animal; and by constantly practising I can sometimes tell the age of any horse up to thirty years. Many buyers are deceived when they visit Barnet fair; they are shown a sturdy cob and told by the dealer that he is just five years old, having a nice full mouth, when really he is only two years old. The buyer, through

lack of experience, forgets to observe that the tush has not yet put in an appearance. In the case of a mare, the dealer has it all his own way—but to the experienced eye the two-year-old mouth differs vastly to that of the five-year-old mouth.

Many unprincipled dealers have a rascally trick of sawing off an aged horse's teeth, making holes in the crown, and then pin-firing the holes to imitate the natural marks of a six-year-old horse. This is known as "bishoping," because the first gentleman to introduce the vile operation was Mr. Bishop.

I saw a horse only recently who had been bishoped. He was old in appearance, and upon examining his mouth I saw that his top row of teeth were longer than the lower set, and instead of the crowns being an oblong shape, like a natural six-year-old, I noticed that they were round, for as the horse grows older the top of the tooth or the crown gradually becomes round in shape and the marks disappear; that is to say, the cavities, or cups, fill up. Hundreds of horses were bishoped during the war days, and sold to the army buyers as six-year-old horses. I saw dozens at the many remount sales I visited. Some had been cleverly bishoped, whilst others had been roughly done by less experienced masters of the wicked art.

"Yorking" is another practice resorted to by dealers. When a colt is three years old the dealer will punch out the middle nippers and so hasten the development of the four-year-old teeth. At eight years the marks are all worn away, and the age is then told by the angle and shape of the teeth. The teeth do not grow long, as imagined by some people, but the gums shrink and give the tooth a longer appearance.

With regard to the age of the horse from a buyer's point of view, my experience is that a horse eight years is in his prime, providing he has not been crippled by work when a youngster. A ten-year-old horse, sound and healthy, is the most reliable for a carter. Age does not determine everything, as the majority of people seem to think. I have seen good horses over twelve years, horses that have won races and jumping competitions; in fact, a well-matured horse, to my thinking, is more suited for his work than a young horse.

My old trotting stallion, George Hummer, was thirty when he died, and only two weeks prior to his death he had kept company with a few good-class Welsh cobs on the London road. Yes, even in his old days it took a very fast horse to pass him.

Records of life are always interesting to the true lover of the equine animal. A ten-hand Shetland pony

belonging to Mr. W. C. Blackett, a mining engineer, was put to work in the Kimbleside pit in 1876, when he was five years old, and was employed there for twenty-two years. During that period he was never sick or sorry, and had only two holidays, one of six weeks in 1879 and the other of thirteen weeks in 1892, the respites in question being due to the existence of strikes. Hard work, however, did not affect this pony in the least, as he was equal to winning third prize in the pit-pony class at Durham in 1896.

Another very similar instance of a horse which thrived upon a life of hard work is that of Jack. This horse, however, is not environed by any shadow of romance. His record is simply one of twenty-two years' regular work in the Keswick and Ambleside coach. When he was last heard of he was twenty-six years' old.

A veritable equine Methuselah was Old Bill, the property of the late Mr. S. Francis Petrie, of Edinburgh. This horse lived for sixty years, being shot in the end on the death of his master. Old Bill was worked gently up to the last, and it is reputed of him that his temper was at no time amiable. No doubt can be entertained regarding the accuracy of the above statements, as they were supplied by an eminent veterinary surgeon whose father had attended Old Bill for nearly half a century.

There is in existence a portrait of the horse painted when he was fifty-six years of age.

Before concluding this chapter I should like to retail an American story which will show that even in America you have to keep a watchful eye when buying a horse, especially a pacer.

Buying pacers is a disease. When the germ gets under the skin there is no cure. A swish of speed with a snap of the hopples will twist a roll out of an inside pocket quicker than a ten-to-one shot with Danny Lambeth in the field.

The last sample was found in New Jersey. When the autumn fairs were almost over, a little mare, with a faded coat and a thin tail, appeared at a track near Newark. For a few days she ate her hay and oats without attracting the attention of anyone, except the man who collected the stall rent.

One crisp morning when a few of the rail-birds were sunning themselves near the grand-stand, the little mare appeared. After the usual jog she whizzed away from the wire and flashed by the quarter-pole close to a two-minute gait. After a breather and a few short scores she stepped a half in 1·05.

The watch-snappers buzzed like a swarm of bees. In a few days all the Jersey horse-owners that were

interested in pacers knew that the little faded mare would show a mile in 2·10 over a two-lap track for a certain figure.

The lure brought lookers. They were followed by buyers. Finally one of the latter exchanged $1800 for a halter with the little mare on the end of it.

Next morning there was a new boarder at Tommy Berry's training camp at Flemington. Berry was in the west, racing. A letter advised him of the find, and at the tail end of a hard season he dreamed of another Ella Ambulator or June Bug.

When Berry returned to Flemington, the anxious owner met him at the depot with a high-powered car. All the State road laws were broken on the trip to the track, while Tommy was fed on visions of the coin which the new pacer would gather in 1922.

The embryo star was led out for inspection.

"How do you like her?" came the query, like a shot from an automatic.

"Good," said Tommy. "But you cannot work that one over."

"What do you mean?" said the anxious owner, with a dangerous look in his eye.

"Only that you cannot repeat in this game," said Berry.

"Can't what?" said the owner.

"Why, don't you know her?" said Tom. "That mare has a mark of 2·06¼. You owned her when she made it. She is Hollyrood Alice, with her tail thinned and her coat bleached."

"The mare you raced for me?"

"The same," said Tommy.

A few days later it was learned that Hollyrood Alice, after a trip across the Atlantic, had been returned, ostensibly for another trip in the slow classes under a faded coat. Failing in that, after a few feelers had been thrown out, she was sold by coincidence to her former owner.

Always pay careful attention when examining a horse's legs that they have not been fired for any old-standing complaint.

If the shoe is worn at the toe look out for old sprains in the back tendons.

Always remember that a sound horse wears his shoes down as level as a sixpence all round.

A horse that brushes behind can easily be altered or cured by having a shoe made the same thickness at the toe as the outside heel, and setting up the inside heel with a feather edge—the result being a wider gait in the hind action. A horse that clicks, or forges, can

be cured by shoeing with a heavy shoe in front and a light shoe behind.

Of course, dealers always have their horses well shod by an expert farrier, and when the new owner takes the horse to be shod at the village blacksmith's, and ordinary shoes are fitted, they begin to wonder what is wrong when the horse begins to brush, speedy cut or click.

I could relate many more instances that would open the eyes of the unwary, but I think I have said enough to show that a man when buying a horse at a fair, repository, or from an advertisement, should not do so with his eyes closed. It is always best to have a week's trial and a practical veterinary surgeon's advice.

Horses with large heads that are out of proportion to their bodies should be avoided, for the *head* governs the body. I always admire a small head— "Herring head," lean and uniform—for such a head denotes intelligence and docility, and when a body is governed by such a head you can depend the animal will be a sensible one. A horse with a big head is usually stubborn and lacks average intelligence.

Chapter VI

Shoeing a Vicious Horse—The Horse that "Paws" During the Night—The Horse that Will Not Lie Down—The Fence-jumper—When Difficult to Crupper—The Stable-kicker—A Difficult Horse to Mount—The Tongue-loller—The Side-puller—The Way to Groom or Dress a Vicious Horse—The Tail-switcher—The Use of Gag-bits—Irish Martingale—The Over-check—The Wind-sucker—Stabling Colts—The Temperature—The Way to Drive a "Puller"—A Cruel Twitch.

Photo by] *[Sport and General.*

THE LITTLE PUPIL INSISTS UPON EXCHANGING MOUNTS. SHETLAND PONY "JEAN."

[*Facing p.* 134.

[Photo by] [Sport and General.

THE NERVE-PRESSURE BRIDLE. THIS NOVEL DEVICE IS QUITE UNNECESSARY WHEN THE COLT IS CORRECTLY MOUTHED

[Photo by] [Sport and General

TAKING THE PULSE.
CAPTAIN A. V. MEEKE, M.R.C.V.S., AND THE AUTHOR.

Chapter VI

LITTLE THINGS WORTH KNOWING

It is as well to know and remember, when your horse is vicious or difficult to shoe, that the Indian war bridle and master hand will subdue him.

When he has a nasty habit of pawing in the stable, buckling a strap above the knee and tying a small log of wood to it, allowing about six inches of play, will correct him.

When the horse will not lie down at night, put a strong cord in his tail and hang a ten-pound weight to it about sixteen inches from the ground. The weight will tire him, and he will soon lie down to rest.

If the horse jumps fences when turned out, buckle a strap round about the knees, tie a rope to the ring in one strap, pass it through the girth of belly-band of the surcingle and tie the end to the other leg strap. The rope should be long enough to enable the horse to walk freely, and no longer.

When the horse is bad to crupper, use the master

hand, and then put the Indian war bridle on ; give a few sharp jerks, and he will soon give up. Administration of the whip is useless.

If the horse kicks in the stable, hang a sack of straw behind him, allowing plenty of room, and let him kick himself tired. A good plan is to tie a strong piece of half-inch wide elastic round above the hock joint. When he lifts his legs to kick, the elastic tightens, and this attracts his attention to something else.

When the horse is bad to harness or to mount, the master hand or strait jacket will quieten him.

When the horse lolls his tongue or allows it to hang out of his mouth, take a straight bar bit, file it flat two inches in the centre, and sew a stout piece of leather over the flat surface. Drive him in the bit until cured.

When the horse dangerously gets cast in his stall, sew a D ring in the top of the head-collar ; tie a rope to the D, and fasten the end of the rope to a beam in the roof, slightly slanting back towards the shoulder. With this he can move freely and lie down, but he cannot get the top of his head down on the ground.

If the horse is a side-puller, which is a most exasperating habit, have a plain snaffle-ring bit made with one side of the mouthpiece a half-inch shorter than the other. If the horse pulls to the near side, place the

short side of the mouthpiece to that side, and *vice versâ;* this will keep his head straight, or a Sharlinski "side-pulling" bit is effective.

If the horse bites when being groomed, take a large nosebag, pad the sides with hay and put it over the horse; he cannot hurt you then. If he is a very bad one, tie both sides of the head, one rope to the extreme right and the other rope to the left, put the pulling-rope on, and then if he runs back he will not get away. Strap his near foreleg up and he will be quite all right. A side line can be used to lift his hind legs up. Always keep at the side of him. When he has once jumped back into the pulling-rope he will be afraid to move again. A cradle is a useful appliance to prevent a horse biting round at you.

When you buy a new horse, never put him in harness the first time without long-reining him and finding out if he has any concealed vices. If this had been done more often, many a patent-leather dashboard would have been saved.

If the horse switches his tail and is likely to get the rein under, take a piece of leather four inches wide and twelve inches long and sew a crupper to it; have a small pocket sewn at the bottom end, large enough to hold one pound of lead shot; sew three straps across the

piece of leather; buckle the horse's tail down with the straps and pull the hair out and so hide the device. This will soon cure the habit. Another way is to have a strap fastened to the crupper and taken down to the breeching. Then strap the tail to it. Drive the horse with the Indian war bridle under the ordinary bridle; have the rope with you in the trap and give a few jerks every time the horse tries to switch his tail.

Do not use gag-bits, they only irritate and injure the mouth and never really stop a runaway or a bad puller. A nose-strap is just as cruel as the net one so often sees on a puller. These devices cause temporary suffocation, and are therefore cruel, and horse-lovers use them in sheer ignorance. The "Two in one" bit is becoming very popular, and is quite humane.

The Irish martingale is very effective for a head-thrower—two rings joined by three inches of leather on the reins sliding about behind the jaw.

Never use a bearing-rein. An over-check is more humane and effective.

If the horse is a wind-sucker he can be checked by having a hollow bit placed in his mouth whilst in the stables. A tube with a few holes drilled in it will suffice. This is better than using a tight neck-strap, which is also a cruel practice.

When stabling a horse brought in from the fields, do not confine him in a warm box or close stable, as he will contract a cold or strangles. Always use a well-ventilated stable with door open, but avoid a draught.

Never work a horse with a temperature; if this is done pneumonia will be sure to follow.

When you wash a horse's legs, always dry and hard-rub them.

Have the shoes removed every four or five weeks.

Never start a horse upon a long journey with a full stomach; go slowly for the first few miles, and allow the horse to walk at intervals.

After a very fast drive or ride home, give a good straw whisking without too much "hissing." Pull his ears until they are warm and dry.

Remember that accidents will happen, and carelessness is no excuse.

If the horse is a puller, use a straight-bar double-ring bit; have the bar well covered with thick leather or indiarubber to fill the mouth, and drive on the single rings. A steady hold of the reins checks a strong puller without injuring his mouth. I have used this bit on bad pullers where ordinary snaffle-bits and Liverpool bits were useless. The Liverpool bits with curb chain only punish and cause a puller to pull harder, and he

gradually gets worse and worse. Sometimes a plain leather bit or half-cheek trotting-bit suits a puller better than anything. But owners are afraid to try one, thinking that if a Liverpool bit cannot hold, what use would a leather bit be? The old saying, "The more you pull at a tree the more you may pull," applies equally to the pulling horse.

I was surprised once when I saw the late Walter Winans driving his beautiful trotter Doctor Work at Parsloes Park. My attention was drawn to the bit he was using. The cheeks of the bit were somewhat formidable, and different from the ordinary trotting-bit. I decided to go quietly and examine the bit after Doctor Work was unharnessed. To my pleasant astonishment I saw that the bit was thickly padded with rubber, and the inside of the cheeks was cushioned. Mr. Winans told me that he thought the formidable cheeks looked more majestic and better than a simple single ring as generally seen on the trotting-bit, and he had once seen a delicate bit break in a race, and, being a great advocate for safety, he had the bit in question made to his design. At his sale at Aldridge's there were something like a hundred different bits. Yet it was impossible to find a cruel jaw-breaking bit amongst them.

Do not buy a pony for economy's sake, thinking that

he will eat less than a cob. Invariably I have found that, while a pony will always have his head in the manger, a fifteen-hand cob is patient and more easily satisfied.

A horse's head should always be tied up after a blister.

Never put a twitch on the ear (a common and cruel practice), for it injures the base of the ear. Use the Indian war bridle.

Disinfectants should always be kept handy and applied when necessary.

Grooms should not be allowed to drench a horse unless instructed to do so by a veterinary surgeon.

The most valuable precaution in the writer's opinion, and the most economical, is to take the advice of a veterinary surgeon as early as possible in all cases of sickness, for when it is too late for him to be able to give any assistance there is no satisfaction given to anybody.

Chapter VII

Training a Horse to Perform—To Teach High-school Gaits—To Teach a Horse to Kneel—To Teach a Horse to Pose—The Pivot Act—To Teach a Horse to Say "Yes"—And "No"—Teaching to Jump—To Teach a Horse to Stand Erect—To Teach a Horse to Take a Handkerchief out of the Coat-pocket—To Carry an Article in the Mouth—Teaching to Kiss—Teaching to Mount a Pedestal—Teaching to Teeter-Totter—Teaching to Subtract—The Cruel Practice of Docking.

Chapter VII

TRAINING A HORSE TO PERFORM

MUCH has been written of late upon the Performing Animals Act. Personally, I do not see why a horse should not be trained to perform clever tricks any more than being cruelly overworked in a heavily-laden van.

In this chapter I am going to tell my readers exactly how horses are taught tricks. Most people think that circus and performing horses are exceptionally clever. This is not the case; any horse can be taught tricks. The most suitable horse for educating is a highly-bred horse about six or seven years old.

The system of using a pin when teaching a horse to say "yes" or "no" may be considered cruel by narrow-minded people. These I should like to introduce to the owner of the hunter, the point-to-point, or the cross-country horse, for, after the race, the wounds inflicted by the severe use of the spurs are far worse, and in my opinion cruel, compared with the simple pin-touch used when teaching tricks. I have seen hunters after finishing

in a cross-country point-to-point race absolutely roll and almost drop from sheer exhaustion, and their flesh has been ripped open by the spurs. If a horse cannot be made to race by fair means, such as a light whip, I think he should be sold for slower work, if it necessitates him being unmercifully punished by indiscreet use of the spurs. I myself have never worn a pair of spurs while riding; I used to wear them when in the Army, but never "rode" with them. I could always get enough fun without using spurs. When this cruel practice has been gone into, it will be time enough to interfere with trainers of performing horses.

After all, it would not do to cruelly spur or bleed a horse if you required him to learn a trick. Kindness and patience are the only means of gaining his attention and confidence; but to gallop a horse to death and rub it in with spurs is absolutely the worst form of cruelty displayed by men who profess to be horse-lovers.

An accelerator is all very well when applied to a motor-car—but not to flesh and blood.

TO TEACH HIGH-SCHOOL GAITS

The value of a saddle-horse can be greatly enhanced if he is taught to change gait, or shown the way to do the high-school trot.

Probably the most admired are the fancy high steps. These are the park walk, park trot and Spanish trot. The park walk has the same diagonal motion of the legs as the flat walk, but the knee and hock action has been cultivated until the forearm of the front legs reaches out parallel to the body, and the knee and hock greatly flex.

To get the action, proceed as follows. Turn the horse around in the stall so that he can neither back nor get away sideways. Put the riding bridle on him, so that you will have control of both bits. Stand on the left side of the horse, just in front of the shoulder, and with your left hand seize the right reins about four inches back of the bits. With the crop or riding-whip in the right hand, tap the horse's left leg at the knee or above, just as you pull his head slightly to his right.

The pull on the head throws the weight on the right foot and the tap on the left causes him to strike out with a pawing motion. This is the first act leading to the high park walk. Repeat with the same leg until he will strike forward with it at a very slight tap and pull on the rein.

A gentle stroke on the neck with the palm of the hand should reward him whenever he responds with good and immediate action. Tap him severely if he refuses to

respond. Lighten the stroke as he shows more readiness to respond.

As soon as he responds quickly with a light action on the left leg, step to the other side, seize the left rein with the right hand and with the crop in the left proceed as with the other leg. Be satisfied, at first, with a pawing motion of each leg, without the horse stepping forward. Keep well to the side, as some horses will strike viciously when they do strike, and you will need to use caution to keep from getting struck with their front feet.

After the horse has learned to strike forward with the right foot, step again to the left of the horse, as described in the first position, except at this time seize all four reins in the left hand and strike first the left leg and then the right leg of the horse, making him respond with first one, then the other. The left hand can assist by moving the head first one way, then the other, to throw the weight off the foot to be raised.

After a few trials the horse will strike forward with each foot alternately, as signalled. If you should drill the horse in this too long, the trick would end here and could be carried no further. After accomplishing this much, the horse must be kept progressing toward the final goal.

As he now strikes forward with the left leg, pull forward on the bit to keep him on his foot, as in a step. A tap on the right leg, just as the left strikes forward, will aid him to set his left and keep the stride, and when he strikes forward with the right a pull on the bit and stroke on the left leg will set the right, and so on.

When he first steps forward with a high step with his front legs he will stretch forward and have trouble in bringing the hind legs up. This he will soon learn.

Pouches carrying two or three pounds of shot each, buckled around each hind pastern, will assist him to lift the hind legs high. Do not leave these on more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time, for they are very wearisome.

As soon as the horse begins to go forward the work can be done outside the stall—preferably against the side of a building, where he cannot get all round you.

These lessons should not last more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, but may be taken up six or eight times a day, if desired. It will take much patience, and progress will seem slow, but do not be in a hurry. In training horses it does not pay to get in a hurry to finish.

As soon as the horse steps forward promptly at a light tap of the whip, with each leg alternately and you standing at his left, it is time to transfer the action to the saddle. Place a boy or an assistant in the saddle; standing by the left shoulder, seize the reins at the withers with your left hand, and start him high-stepping with the whip held in your right hand. In a few moments, with you working from the ground in this manner, you can mount him yourself and use the whip by swinging the right hand first from one side, then the other. Soon the touch of the toes against the front leg will cause him to step high.

After some practice a touch with the toes will start him and a light twitch of the reins will keep him at it.

It is sometimes quite a help when beginning this work to place a board on the ground so that the horse will strike it when he paws. The sound of the foot striking the board seems to help the horse to raise his legs higher.

In riding the park walk, keep both reins drawn close and the hand down on the withers. The horse's nose should be drawn close to the shoulder. When he gets the idea, it is best to take another gait out some distance from the stable and work the horse back towards the stable. In all the gaits it pays to work toward home, as

the horse is anxious to go home and will be free in his motions.

After the horse goes well in the park walk, it is an easy matter to throw him into the high or park trot.

Just as you turn toward the stable, after having given the signal for the park walk, give him a stroke with the whip, at the same time lifting his front quarters off the ground with the reins.

Reaching out as he should to make a high step, this will throw him off the ground and start the high trot. It is much easier to start from a turn, and should be repeated as a turn is made before attempting it on the continued straight course.

Attaching leather pouches filled with four pounds of shot to each leg will cause a horse to lift his legs high, but they should never be left on more than ten minutes at a time, and should be well padded on the inside to prevent rubbing the hair off.

Walking and trotting a horse through loose straw fifteen or eighteen inches deep, helps to develop the knee action. Riding through a stream of water, also of the same depth, will develop good action.

Be careful not to use any of these helps more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time, for nothing but loss in progress will result in working a tired, listless horse.

Keep your horse fresh and in good spirits. He will learn much faster than one that is continually irritated or in poor spirits.

The ideal to be sought by every trainer is to obtain a light, delicate touch and never, never make an impatient move.

A heavy weight on the toes of a horse will make him reach farther. By this means it is an easy matter to have the horse reach out for the Spanish trot. A weight on the heel flexes the knee, as in the park action.

If you are training for the park action, the horse is taught to strike a board when he paws ; another way to gain the point is to place a pedestal about fifteen inches high in front of him and have him step on this instead of a board. After he mounts the pedestal easily a few times, take him back ten or twelve feet and give him the signal to step high. He will step high and reach out for the pedestal, each time thinking he will reach it. He will continue to step high and reach out until he reaches the pedestal. This teaches him the Spanish trot action, and he will soon perform, when the signal is given, without the use of the pedestal.

Assist the horse to develop the Spanish trot from the park walk by throwing your weight on the front leg that is on the ground. By this means you delay the placing

of the other foot on the ground and make the reach more extended.

Do not be discouraged if the first movements of the horse are crude in comparison with what you expect in the end. Patience and practice bring results. Horses with only the best heads and high spirits, however, will ever reach the highest degree of perfection.

The Spanish trot easily develops into a beautiful cake-walk or march by so controlling the stride of the horse with your body that you can make him keep time with music, or if the music follows your horse's movements it will appear as though he is keeping time.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO KNEEL

Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a horse than to be able to kneel at a given signal. It is convenient to mount and dismount, and, in connection with the nodding of the head, makes a nice salute to a crowd of people, after receiving a ribbon or in acknowledging applause at any time.

Double the left knee and buckle a strap tight around the forearm and cannon bone, keeping the knee bent. Stand by the left shoulder and tap the back of the right leg, at the same time pulling the head to the left. This puts the horse down on his left knee with the right leg

projecting forward. As the horse goes down, say "Down!" Be sure to put him down on a grassy or soft place, so that he will not hurt his knee, or he will become timid. Soon, by taking the bridle in the left hand and the left leg in the right, and a slight pull backward on each, repeating the command "Down!" you will cause the horse to kneel. He should be caressed and kept down until told to rise.

A prick of a pin upon the breast will cause the horse to nod his head up and down. The prick can soon be reduced to pointing with a whip or finger.

As the horse kneels, the signal can be given also for nodding the head.

Each time the horse rises he can be pulled back a step or two and then taught to back away from an audience, bowing and kneeling as he retires.

The act of kneeling can be reduced to the saddle and can be used for mounting and dismounting, as well as for the grand-stand play.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO POSE

Before a horse can be made to pose he must first understand what it means to stand still, without any restlessness or prancing about. If he does not know how to stand, teach him how, as given before.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

HANDLING THE COLT'S LEGS. ("SUZETTE" OBLIGES).

[*Facing p.* 154.

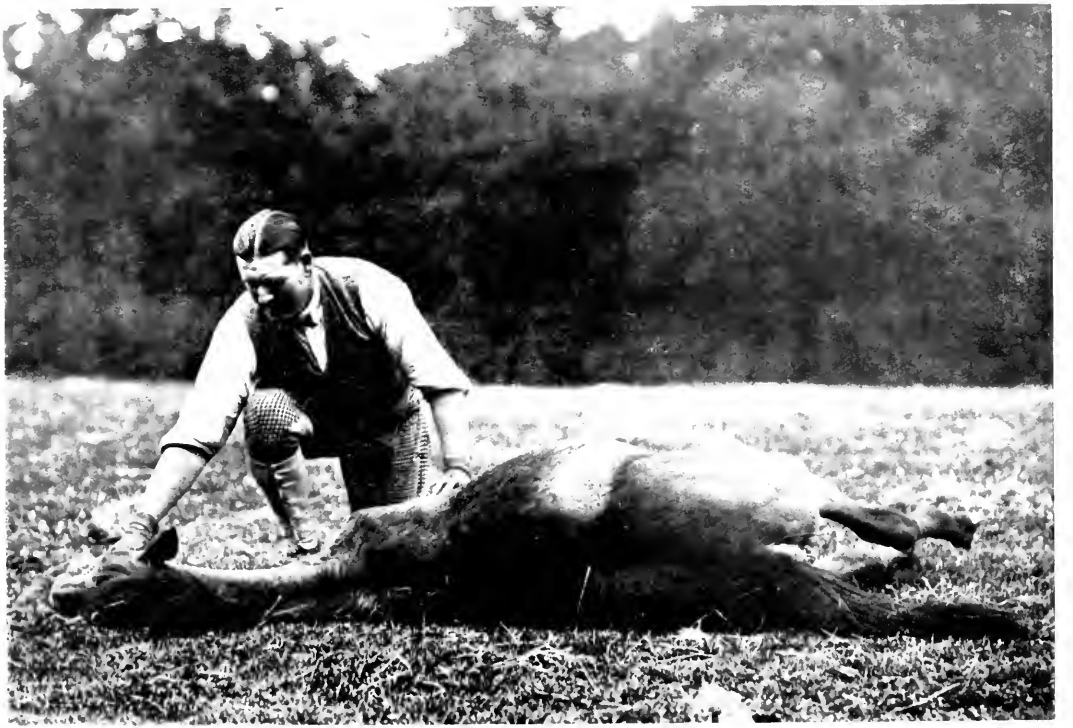

Photo by] *[Sport and General.*

GAINING THE COLT'S CONFIDENCE WHILST ON THE GROUND.

Bring the horse to a stand, and, standing on the ground in front of and facing the horse, seize the reins on each side about four inches from the bits. By a slight pull on the horse's head to his right, have him step forward with his left front foot. As soon as he steps, lift the head slightly and say "Whoa!" before he can step forward with the hind foot. Then turn the horse's head to his left and pull slightly forward with your left hand, causing the horse to step the right foot forward; again lift his head and say "Whoa!" before he can move a hind foot.

If the front feet are not even, turn the head away from the foot too far back and have the horse move it forward. It may move only a few inches at a time, but the least progress with the front feet and the hind feet stationary means success in the end.

Do not expect the horse, the first few trials, to stretch the front and hind feet as far apart as you may expect after a few lessons.

When the front feet are firmly planted forward, by a slight jerking motion on the reins gradually lift the head and press the nose backward toward the shoulder, until the head is perpendicular and the neck proudly arched.

You will have to use your judgment as to what

the proper position is, for you can train your horse to stretch so far that it lacks a great deal of being a good pose.

With some horses you may reach the end sought more quickly by taking the reins in the left hand and a riding-whip or crop in the right. As you pull forward and turn the head with the left hand, strike the leg you wish to step forward and lift the head saying, "Whoa!" as before, to prevent the hind leg moving forward. The action may be repeated to move the other front leg forward. The whip helps to concentrate the attention of the horse upon the front legs and prevents a forward motion of the hind legs.

After the horse is taught from the ground, mount and give the intimation for the horse to step forward, but allow only one step at a time. When he has taken a step with each front foot, tighten the curb rein and with a jerky motion lift the head up and in, until he assumes the proper position.

THE PIVOT ACT

A skilful piece of work for a horse to perform is usually spoken of as the pivot act.

The act is this: the horse takes the right front foot and wraps it around the left from the knee down, while

his weight rests on the left foot. The left foot rests on the ground motionless, while the horse turns in a circle with his hindquarters, using the left front foot as a pivot.

To get the horse to perform this act, place the right front leg around the left and, by stroking the right leg, quiet the horse so that he will keep it there.

Do not let him take it down until commanded to do so. Keep practising, until he will place the right leg in position at command and keep it there until commanded to take it down. Do not ask him to keep it in position more than two or three minutes.

When he will place the leg in position and keep it there, have him take a step or two to the right with his hindquarters. Let him turn, until he begins to take his right leg from position. Anticipate his action by "Whoa!" Each time you practise him he will turn a little farther than in the previous exercise, until he will turn until told to stop.

In the same manner the horse can be taught to use his right foot as a pivot and turn his hindquarters to his left.

When teaching to pivot both to the right and to the left, the first should not be drilled into the horse too perfectly before beginning with the other foot, or it will be hard to change his position.

Just as soon as he gets the idea with the first foot, change to the other and have him turn the other way. Then alternate first one way and then the other, so that he can do both equally well.

Another method of teaching the pivot act that makes it a beautiful performance is to have the horse plant both his forefeet firmly on the ground and turn with his hindquarters until his front legs twist together.

This is accomplished by stroking the front legs to keep the horse's attention there, while you have him take a step or two with the hind legs. Be patient and increase the steps with the hind legs but one at a time, so that you can more easily keep the front feet motionless.

Turn in one direction only until the horse can twist his front legs before beginning to turn in the opposite direction.

TEACHING TRICKS

Nothing adds so much to the worth of a good, fine-looking horse as a few well-executed tricks. Even if he is taught only three or four, and they are performed properly, it is a delight to exhibit such an animal and a delightful thing to witness as well. Teaching a horse

tricks is not nearly so difficult as the average person imagines. The most essential thing necessary for a trainer to possess is an unlimited amount of patience and a great deal of self-control. The horses we see and so admire on the stage have been taught their interesting tricks not in a single hour, or a single day, but by persistent effort on the part of the trainer, repetition after repetition, until the trick is almost a part of the horse. When the whole thing is summed up, it is simply this: the teaching of tricks is merely the forming of unusual habits.

The confidence lesson is the lesson on which you begin teaching tricks. This lesson must be given the horse first of all, and must be thoroughly understood. Another thing always to bear in mind is that when teaching any trick, no matter how insignificant it might appear to be, it is very essential that you give the first lesson in an enclosure and on the *very same spot* each time. This enables the horse to grasp your idea much more quickly. When the horse will perform his trick thoroughly he can be taken to other grounds, and a little repetition is sometimes necessary to make him just as obedient there. After he has been taught to perform his trick at several places he will do the act regardless of where he is.

In the beginning of this lesson I will explain how the more easily taught tricks are conveyed to the horse's mind. Always remember that the horse cannot reason from cause to effect, and can only grasp your meaning by having an action associated with a command, and that the lesson must be repeated until firmly fixed. Never attempt to teach a horse but one thing at a time, and have this one point taught *perfectly* before beginning another.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO SAY "YES"

I will first give you the method for teaching a horse to respond to this word. Stand in front of the horse, a little to one side; take a pin and prick him very slightly on the breast. The horse will imagine the slight pain was caused by a fly and will put his nose down to chase it away. As soon as he makes a move toward his breast with his head, caress him for it. Now repeat the pricking with the pin, and the caress as he obeys you, until the slightest move that you make toward the breast will cause him to drop his head. If you wish him to say "Yes" at word of command, just as you prick him with the pin say "Yes," very distinctly, and continue to say it every time the pin touches him, and in a very short time he will learn that the command or word "Yes"

is meant for him to make a bow. Always treat him kindly for bowing his head when told, or in response to the motion of the head, and he will soon perform the trick more in anticipation of the kind treatment he receives as a reward than to escape the slight punishment for disobedience.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO SAY "NO"

Stand at the left side, near the shoulder, and prick him slightly with a pin on the neck above the shoulders. He will shake his head, for this is the method he would use to rid himself of a fly from that place. The very instant he shakes his head, caress him. Repeat until he will shake his head at the slightest motion of the hand toward the neck. This lesson should not be taught for some time after teaching "Yes," or the horse will get the two ideas confused. If you wish him to shake his head at the word "No," you should say "No" every time you prick him with the pin or make the intimation that you are going to. If you have taught the horse to shake his head at the mere action of the hand, you can now ask him questions, and if you wish him to answer "No," make a motion as though you were going to touch his neck; "if you wish him to answer "Yes," motion as though you were going to

touch his breast. To the spectator he has answered your questions as though he knew what you were saying, and the horse appears intelligent. You will always observe that the man exhibiting trick horses is desirous of impressing his audience that the horse is a " reasoning animal."

TO TEACH A HORSE TO APPEAR VICIOUS

This trick is very easily taught. In fact, most people who own three or more horses have at least one that is pretty well trained in this way. This is caused by a misunderstanding between the horse and driver.

About all that is required in teaching this trick is to tease the horse a little, and then pretend to be afraid of him by running away. After he has learned that he can make you run, he will lay back his ears and act vicious whenever you act timid. When you stand your ground fearlessly, he will act as docile and tractable as any horse. This is one of the easiest taught yet most sensational tricks a horse performs.

TEACHING A HORSE TO JUMP

Nail a block of wood, about a foot and a half high from the ground, against a building. Place the end of the railing on this block and place the other end on a

box or something the same height of the block. (The building will serve as a guide on the one side.) After you have taught the horse the confidence lesson and taught him to follow you on the run, you may turn him loose in the enclosure, where you have previously arranged the railing, and have the horse follow you on the run. Now start toward the railing and run and jump over it. Just as you jump and the horse is ready to make the leap, say "Jump!" In most cases he will follow you, taking the jump easily. If he fails to do so, or persists in going around the railing, use the Indian war bridle with the lead line spliced so that it is at least fifteen feet long. Now a little admonition with the bridle will cause him to make the jump. As soon as he gets the idea that you want him to jump, you can remove the bridle and have him jump at command. The height of the railing can be changed as the horse becomes accustomed to it, but I would advise that it be left at the original height until after the horse jumps over it easily and without the least effort. One of the things that you *must* remember in teaching *any* trick is always to take your horse to the same *place* each time, until he has learned the trick perfectly. As soon as he has the idea of jumping well fixed in his mind, mount him with the saddle and proceed to develop him by very gradually

raising the rail. At the first jump made with weight in the saddle the rail should be somewhat lower than when jumping with no burden.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO STAND ERECT

Put on the Indian war bridle under the ordinary open driving bridle. Have a side rein on the driving bridle and the back band of the harness on the horse. Rein the horse up pretty tight. Take the cord of the bridle in the left hand and the whip in the right ; stand directly in front of the horse, give slight jerks with the cord and move quickly with the whip in front of him. If he makes the slightest effort to raise his front feet off the ground, caress him. If he does not show any inclination to rise up, it is pretty evident that you have not reined him high enough. Shorten the rein and repeat the command and actions in front, until he will rise up on his hind feet at the command " Up ! " Drill him only a few minutes at a time and not oftener than twice a day. It takes patience to teach this trick.

While the horse is standing erect he can often be encouraged to step forward on his hind feet by saying, " Come here ! " and moving backward directly in front of him. Should he attempt to drop down on his front

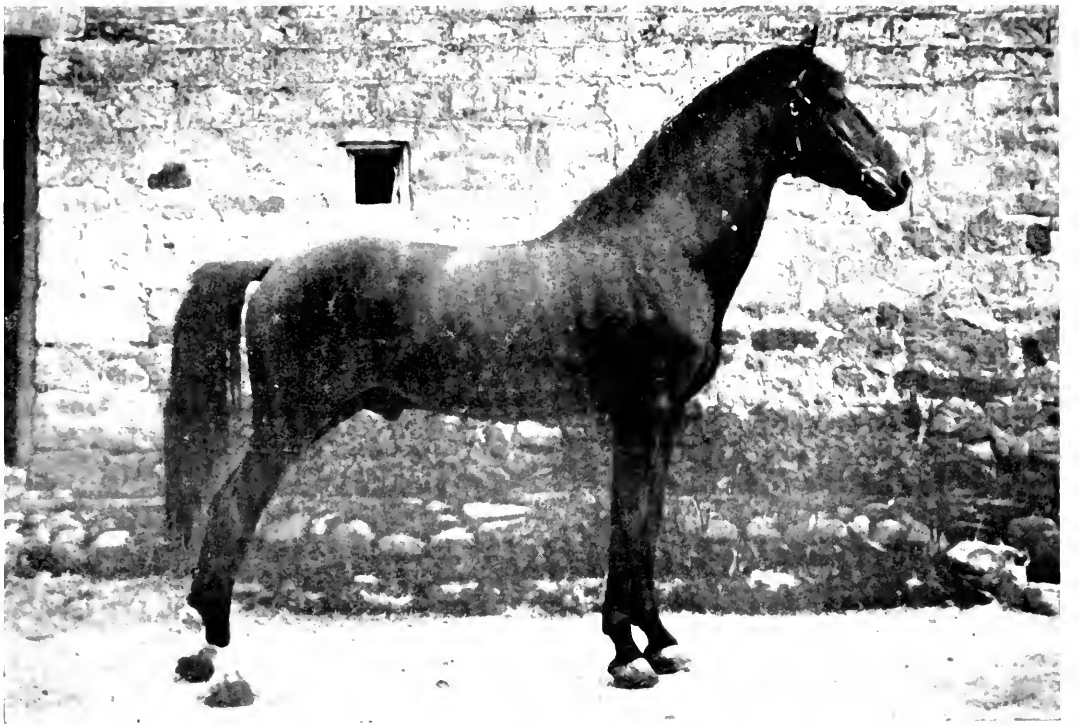

Photo by] [*Seamans & Co*

"LORD HUMMER," 2.30. BRITISH-BRED TROTTING STALLION. PROPERTY OF A. BEEFORTH ESQ.

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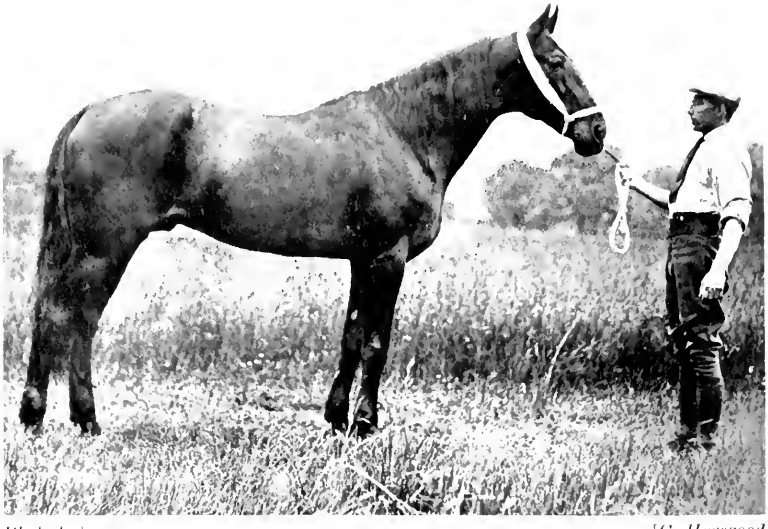


Photo by] [*C. Hosegood.*

SIR TODD II. 2.11¼. AMERICAN TROTTING STALLION.
PROPERTY OF G. M. BERESFORD WEBB, ESQ.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

DRIVING A FAVOURITE COB IN A ROBINSON HOODED BUGGY.

feet, touch him lightly under the chin with the whip. Some horses are too weak in the hips and loins to walk while standing erect, and it would be cruel to compel them to do so if such is the case. When a horse is well trained to stand erect, as explained, it is easy to reduce to the saddle by a sharp lift on the curb bit just as you give the command " Up ! "

TO TEACH A HORSE TO TAKE A HANDKERCHIEF OUT OF THE COAT-POCKET

Lay a handkerchief in your hand and put a few oats on it. Allow the horse to eat out of the handkerchief and he will naturally get hold of it. After he gets eager for the oats, raise the handkerchief containing the oats and tuck it slightly under your coat. The horse will endeavour to get at the oats, and will soon learn that he must take hold of the handkerchief if he wishes to get any of the oats it contains. Now put the handkerchief, without any oats in it, under the edge of your coat. When the horse reaches for it, caress him and give a little oats with your other hand. In a very few moments he will root his nose under your coat in an effort to get the handkerchief, in anticipation of the reward. After he once gets the idea what you want, he will proceed to hunt for the handkerchief as soon as he

sees you put it away, and a caress will answer the same purpose as the oats as a reward for his obedience.

TO CARRY AN ARTICLE IN THE MOUTH

This trick is easily taught after the horse knows how to take the handkerchief from under your coat. Take a cloth and mash a part of an apple in it. Place it on the ground in front of the horse and tell him to "Bring it!" He will pick it up in an effort to get at the apple and will follow you about the yard with it in his mouth. Stop now and caress him. If you wish him to carry a basket, wrap the same cloth around the handle of a basket, and by repetition after repetition of the command, he will associate the "Bring it!" with the basket, and at the words will pick up the basket and carry it to you.

TEACHING A HORSE TO KISS

Stand in front of the horse, a little to the left, and give him a small piece of apple with the left hand. Next hold your hand close to your face and allow him to take another small piece of apple from it. Now take a short stick three or four inches long and put a small piece of apple on one end of it and the other end in your mouth. As the horse reaches for the apple, say "Kiss!"

Repeat the process, using the command "Kiss!" each time you want to do the act. In a few lessons he will put his nose toward your mouth at the command "Kiss!" without any reward except the caress. When you give this command and he reaches out his nose, you should caress him for it, even though he does not touch your face, for it is not necessary for him to actually touch your mouth.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO MOUNT A PEDESTAL

Have a strong platform made, about four or five feet square and about a foot high. Place one of the horse's front feet on it, and pinch the tendon of the other front leg, until he will rest his weight on the foot resting on the platform. Now lift the other front foot up carefully, without exciting the horse in any way, and place it on the platform. As soon as he rests his weight on both the front feet treat him kindly. It would be well to have a little oats or pieces of apple in your pocket and as he obeys you reward him for it. Now have him get off the platform and repeat until he will walk toward the platform at word of command and place both front feet on it. After he will do this without assistance, while his front feet are still on the platform, you should take hold of the left hind foot and assist him in putting

it on the platform too; next encourage him to put the other hind foot on the platform. After all four feet are up you should caress him and treat him kindly.

Repeat this lesson until he will walk toward the platform and mount it with all four feet at word of command. Any sort of command will do for this action, so long as you use one entirely different from anything else that you have taught him, and so long as the command is given while teaching the trick he will understand that the command means to mount the pedestal. Many persons use the word "pedestal," and at the command the horse will walk it and mount.

After he will mount the pedestal readily, then you are ready to increase the height of it. After a little the horse will mount a pedestal so high that he can barely spring up on it. Always be sure that everything is made secure, for should your platform break or give way in any manner it would be almost fatal to success. The beauty of the pedestal trick can be greatly improved by having a post fixed up very substantially at the front of the pedestal, about a foot higher, to begin with, than the pedestal proper. After the horse will mount the pedestal by word of command, assist him in putting the left front foot on this post, and by gentle movements and an occasional reward give him to understand that

you want him to keep the foot there until told to take it off. When he will place the foot on the post as soon as he mounts the pedestal, then you are ready to elevate the post by degrees as he grows accustomed to it. Finally he will place his foot upon a post as high as his shoulder.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO TEETER-TOTTER

After he has been taught to get on the pedestal this lesson will be almost a continuation of that feature of training. Have two or three boards about two inches thick and sixteen feet long nailed together, so the teeter-board will be almost thirty inches wide. Allow this teeter-board to lie flat on the ground and lead the horse over it until he is perfectly familiar with it and will keep all four feet on the board without attempting to step off the side. Now elevate the board by putting a six by six piece of timber under the middle of it, and lead your horse on the end of the board that rests on the ground.

It would be well to have the Indian war bridle on the horse at this stage of his training, and as you lead him on the board, and he approaches near the middle, you can stop him and step far enough to the opposite end of the board that your weight will teeter him. Teeter very

gently, in order not to frighten him and to teach him to balance himself. Keep his attention with the bridle should he attempt to jump off the board.

After he gets accustomed to the teetering motion you can lead him forward and stop him directly over the fulcrum of the teeter-board. Now take hold of one of his front feet and move it forward an inch or two. Have the horse balanced on the board in such a manner that the moving forward or backward of this one front foot, even a couple of inches, will cause him to teeter. After the front end of the board touches the ground, take hold of the front foot and move it backward a couple of inches beyond a straight line, and the board will touch on the ground behind the horse. Keep this up, moving the foot backward and forward, until he gets the idea of what you wish to teach him, then he will move the foot of his own accord. The instant he does move it, or even shows an inclination to move it, caress and treat him kindly.

A few lessons of this kind and you can elevate the fulcrum to about a foot and a half high. The horse will soon learn to approach the board at the command "Teeter!" (which word you should use each time you lead him toward the board and just as he starts on it), mount it, and proceed to teeter without a further

command. When you are ready for him to stop, say, "That will do," and teach him to get off the board at that command. If you wish to elevate the fulcrum more than a foot and a half you should have a longer teeter-board made, for if the fulcrum is more than a foot and a half high it would throw one end of the teeter-board too high and would put it on too much of a slant while the horse was teetering.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO TELL HIS AGE, ADD, SUBTRACT, ETC.

Have a small tack placed in a whip close to the lash. Stand on the left side of the horse, on a line with his shoulders, about four feet away. Reach forward with the whip and prick him with the tack on the back part of the forearm of the front leg. He will think it is a fly and will raise the foot and put it down with a thud in an effort to dislodge the supposed fly. Have him do this three or four times, then reward him for it by caressing him. When he understands that the whip pointed toward the front leg means to paw, and that he is caressed for it, and while he is pawing at the motion of the whip, raise the whip quickly and let the end of the lash strike him under the chin, and he will soon learn to stop pawing when you raise the whip. By taking the

same position every time he will soon understand that you mean him to paw by merely a motion of the hand as though you were going to touch him with the whip, or by simply bending the body. When you raise up, he will stop pawing instantly. You can now ask him how old he is, or how many times six will go into eighteen, or how much five times four is or any like question, and when he has pawed the required number of times, change your position, and he will stop pawing.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO LIE DOWN.

When ready to teach this trick, take the horse out on a smooth, grassy plot or in a yard covered heavily with straw, following the directions given in this book under instructions, "To Teach a Horse to Kneel." Just as the horse's knee strikes the ground, pull his head toward his side, opposite to that on which his leg is strapped up, and push against his shoulder and hip. This will throw him on his side.

It would assist considerably to have a surcingle of some kind on him, with a crupper attached to keep it in place, and to fasten one end of a hitching strap to a ring in this surcingle, then run the strap down and through a ring in a halter previously placed on the horse, back again, and through another ring on the

surcingle, so that you have a V-shaped leverage on the head, and use this to control the horse when down.

When he attempts to get up, roll him back and continue until he is discouraged in the attempt, after which caress and give him some oats or an apple ; walk all about him and then stop and caress him. Do not keep him on the ground long at a time.

After two or three lessons you can stand on the horse's right side, reach under him and raise the left front foot, drawing his nose toward you, and he will lie down readily.

To reduce the trick to word of command, you should say " Lie down ! " as you are throwing him, and continue the process of throwing and the use of the command until he will lie down at command, or by merely touching him with the whip on his shins he will drop to his knees and then down on his side.

DOCKING

I do not agree with docking ; I love to see a long tail, as seen on the thoroughbred and the trotter. Some people think that if the horse is docked there will be no fear of the reins getting under the tail. But if the colt is properly broken and long-reined there will be no fear of this causing an accident. Docking, after all, is

a fashion, but as my father used to say, " It is very old-fashioned "—and there is something logical in that.

The actual operation of docking does not cause any pain if done skilfully. (Horse-copers, who dock every horse they buy—" flagging " him as they term it—are apt to hurt the unfortunate animal, and what care they if they do !). The real cruelty, in my opinion, is when the poor animal is turned out to grass and has to endure the numerous attacks from flies and mosquitoes without any means of protection.

Chapter VIII

The Welsh Pony—The Welsh Mountain Pony—The Lowland Pony—Satisfaction—Emlyn Cymro Llwyd—Trotting Comet—The New Forest Pony—The Highland Pony—The Fell Pony—The Exmoor Pony—The Hackney Pony—The Cape Horse—The Old Road Hackney.

Chapter VIII

THE WELSH PONY

THE Welsh pony is a general favourite; everybody *will have* a Welsh pony. The Welsh farmer loves a good pony and he knows how to breed one; and, what is more, he *will* have one. Few horsemen know a real Welsh pony when they see one. Any strong-looking pony with feathered legs is classed as Welsh. It is probable that the dam was a Russian pony and the sire a young shire stallion.

The name "Welsh" is really a type to-day. Anything thick-set and cobby is called Welsh. Through crossing the grand old Welsh ponies with Arabs, cart colts and hackneys, the old-fashioned type has been almost lost, and but for the Welsh Cob and Pony Society the Welsh pony would be extinct. Some strains of Welsh ponies to-day are distinctly an Arab type, while others are a cart-horse type. The old-fashioned quality Welsh pony, with a small head, perfectly-shaped hocks, short back, good loins and quarters, with the ideal legs

and feet, has been preserved, I am very pleased to say, by the Welsh farmers, who ignored the newly-imported strains. Many of these breeders are members of the Society, and have done much to try to revive the beautiful old breed, which appeals to every true lover of the horse.

The pure Welsh pony is undoubtedly the type that Nature devised. The half-bred Welsh ponies are altogether unsuitable for the country, and can only breed a very odd lot of light-boned, weak-looking animals, such as we often see at the leading fairs to-day. The outstanding features of the old pure-bred Welsh cobs and ponies are hardiness, courage, stamina, sure-footedness and freedom from disease.

The Welsh Cob and Pony Society divides them into four sections.

(1) The mountain pony, which does not exceed 12·2 hands high;
(2) The Lowland pony, which does not exceed 13·2 hands high;
(3) The small cob, which does not exceed 14·2 hands high;
(4) The large cob, which is 14·2 hands high or over.

THE WELSH MOUNTAIN PONY

This pony has preserved its original characteristics very well, considering several Arab crosses have been infused and the ponies have been allowed to run and breed haphazardly on the mountains. The description given of the mountain pony four hundred years ago applies equally well to-day.

For some time there has been a gradual reduction in the number of Welsh ponies, but now and again the tendency is towards an increase. The American demand has done a lot to foster this tendency, and consequently more attention is being given to their breeding.

During the war there was a marked deficiency of ponies. The Russian ponies were not being imported, and the demand soon exhausted the supply. The prices in consequence went up by leaps and bounds, and the ordinary five-year-old Welsh mountain pony was realising £35 to £40, and sometimes fifty guineas.

The improved mountain pony is a good-looking, useful, marketable pony. To see these ponies in the improved state one cannot do better than pay a visit to Church Stretton, Lampeter and Tregaron during the third week in April, when they are collected and taken

back to the hills from their winter quarters and will give an excellent idea of the improved type.

Mrs. Greene, The Grove, Craven Arms, Salop, has one of the finest Welsh pony studs in the country.

The Lowland type of Welsh pony is the better-class one. More care has been taken in the breeding of this little fellow. The sires selected for mating with the mares of this class are the small cob type from 13 to 14 hands. Eiddwen Flyer has played a great part in the breeding of this grand old type of pony.

Satisfaction was another sire who was used with great success in moulding this same type, and the breed is still breeding on through his son, Emlyn Cymro Llwyd, 868 W.S.B., who is acknowledged to be the best pure-bred Welsh pony living. He possesses all the pure characteristics of the Welsh pony, viz., small head, prominent fiery eyes, activity, intelligence, small ears, good width between the eyes and tapering towards the nostrils, long arched neck, short back with quarters well up, long to the hock, long forearms, short cannon-bones and pasterns, with long wavy silken feather, and a trapper of the finest quality.

General information concerning the Welsh cob does not date further back than the memory of men still living. We can trace back to 1840, when old Trotting

"EMLYN CYMRO ILWYD," 868 W.S.B. THE WELSH PONY STALLION.
PROPERTY OF THE AUTHOR.

[*Facing p.* 180.

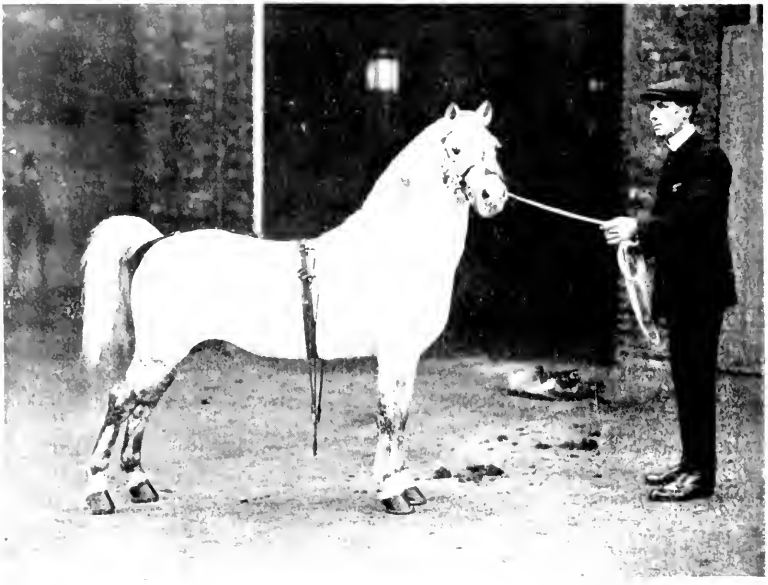


Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

CHAMPION WELSH PONY STALLION, "BLEDDFA SHOOTING STAR," 166 W.S.P.
PROPERTY OF MRS. H. D. GREENE, THE GROVE, SALOP.

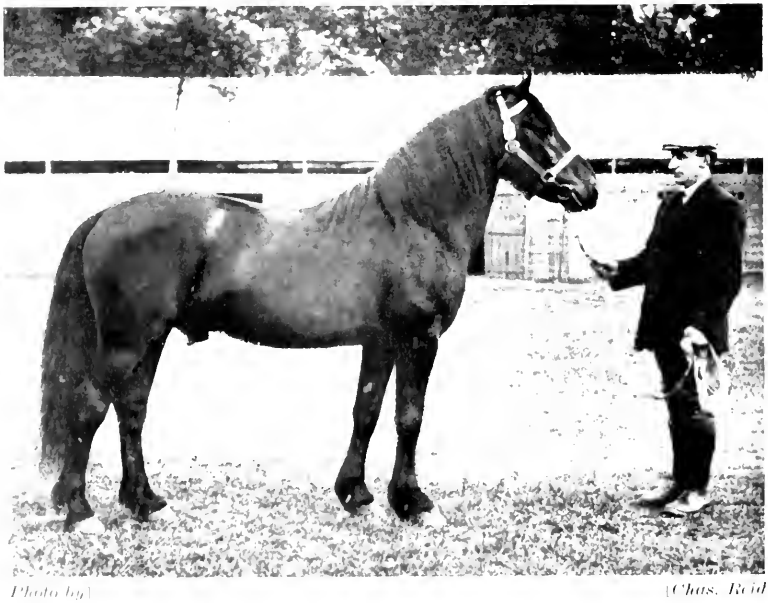


Photo by] [*Chas. Reid.*

THE CHAMPION HIGHLAND PONY STALLION "GLENCRUITTEN."
PROPERTY OF J. H. MUNRO MACKENZIE, ESQ.

Comet was foaled. His descendants include the famous Welsh Flyers, Comets, Expresses, the Caradog strain, the Railways, the Welsh Jacks, and Beaconsfields. A great many Welsh cobs to-day are crossed with the Hackney, but they cannot be compared with the pure-bred Welsh cobs, who, if it were not for the Society I have already mentioned, would be almost extinct.

THE NEW FOREST PONY

The history of this breed is intimately connected with the Royal Forest. Many infusions have been made to much advantage, for the New Forest pony was greatly deteriorating. Her Majesty Queen Victoria presented two Arabs, stallions, with a view to improving this breed of pony. The Hampshire ponies, as is well known, are good, hardy little fellows, and very good for journeys. They stand from 12 to 13 hands. They have good legs and short pasterns, resembling a blood-looking pony; they are very much sought after for children's riding ponies. Miss Muriel Lander's Forest pony, Black Bess, is one of the best specimens of this breed I have seen.

THE HIGHLAND PONY

The old hardy breed which carried the men of the hills on many a long journey on "the roads, before they were

made." The Highland pony is thick-set, and a cart-horse in miniature, but not the result of cart-horse crossing or breeding. The breed originates from the western islands of Scotland. Sometimes they are called Garron ponies, and are usually bred on the farm and well cared for. They cross well with the thoroughbred and Hackney, and breed excellent roadsters and polo ponies.

The Highland pony has a small, characteristic head, good shoulders and good quarters, natural, strong, well-shaped hocks and short pasterns; a splendid type of pony, which should receive more encouragement.

During the war a great many Highland ponies were taken—the big ponies for Lovat's Scouts and the Scottish Horse and the smaller ponies for mountain batteries. It is fortunate that a considerable number of mares were returned to the Highlands for breeding, but many valuable ones were lost, and it will take time to rebuild many of the studs.

THE FELL PONY

The Fell pony, in my opinion, resembles the Highland pony in many ways, and I think they are nearly akin. The Fell pony is very like the old Vardy horse—a sort

of trotting cart-horse greatly used in Scotland about half a century ago.

I was very much interested when I visited the Kirkby Stephen Show to see a nice bunch of Fell ponies. Glengarry impressed me: he was a beautiful type of pony.

The Fell pony, it is said, should stand from 12·3 hands to 14·1 hands. Most I have seen have been about 13·3 to 14 hands. They are on short legs and have excellent bone, and plenty of it. They remind me of a miniature Clydesdale with good shoulders. They are good movers and have a fair turn of speed, the well-known Fell pony stallion, British Credit, having trotted twelve miles in the hour.

The farmers around Cumberland and Westmoreland are paying more interest to the breeding of the Fell pony now than they are to the cart-horse, because the prices obtained in the recent sales have been very good and much higher than those realised for the Clydesdale cart-horses.

The Fell pony would have been more suitable to cross with the Welsh mountain pony and the New Forest pony than the Hackney or the Arab, because the Fell is so strong and hardy, used to very severe winters, and has such massive bone and good shoulders. Welsh

breeders who believe in crossing their mares should introduce some Fell blood, for the old breed traces back for years and years without any crosses or infusions of foreign blood.

THE EXMOOR PONY

The Exmoor pony is a very good all-round useful pony. I saw a very useful lot at Bampton Fair one autumn. They run on the moors and live under almost the same conditions as the New Forest ponies and the Welsh mountain ponies.

The thoroughbred horse has improved the breed, and splendid riding ponies have been found amongst them—boys', hunters, and in some cases polo ponies.

The Dartmoor pony was at some period closely related to the Exmoor, but to-day they are two distinct breeds, the Exmoor being a better quality pony, having a smaller head and better hocks.

The thoroughbred horse Pandarus helped to improve them; Quicksilver and Old Post, by Bees-wing—that grand old thoroughbred—also did splendid service.

These ponies are hardy and work splendidly, and it is astonishing what weight they can carry.

THE HACKNEY HARNESS PONY

It is really wonderful what can be achieved by selection and care. The Hackney pony is an illustration of an elaborate system of breeding.

The Rigmaden ponies were the fashion thirty years ago; they were originated by Mr. C. W. Wilson, who discreetly crossed good Welsh ponies with the best-bred Hackneys, and then by a wonderful system of in-breeding eventually bred a beautiful little Hackney pony.

The Hackney pony stallion crossed with a Welsh, Exmoor or Forest pony usually breeds a good type of pony with courage and good action. The farmer who has a favourite pony would do well to breed her to the Hackney pony stallion, especially if he is prepared to give the offspring a good winter. This cross cannot be recommended for rough wintering on the moors or mountains.

The specimens seen to-day in the show-rings are magnificent, and no pen can really do justice in describing them. I like them better than the big Hackney, because they are so active and pony-like, and really sensational in every sense of the word. The pony is easier to breed to type than the bigger horse; this is why the Hackney pony has come to perfection.

THE CAPE HORSE

The Cape horse, as found in the Colony at the time of its cession to the British, was descended from stock of Eastern origin, and consisted mainly of Barbs and Persians, or Gulf Arabs, which were imported by the Dutch East India Company.

In 1792 eight stud horses were imported from England which are supposed to have been of the early English Roadster breed. In the same year five stud horses arrived from Boston, and the following year a number of horses and mares of Eastern descent arrived from the New England State.

In March, 1807, two French vessels were captured at the Cape containing some Spanish horses *en route* to Buenos Aires for breeding purposes. These are said to have been the progenitors of the odd-coloured and red roans so much fancied for their power of endurance by the colonists.

Much has been written of the Arab and his steed, the owner's love for it, and so forth, "but the steeds and owners I saw left me cold," writes *Ignotus*. "The Bedouin pony is a wiry brute, standing some 14·2 hands, and capable of a certain turn of speed in his own class, ridden in a terrific bit by a savage who flaps his arms

and legs about as if they were semaphore arms, and who is apparently quite unmoved by such trifles as sore backs, fistulous withers and lameness, to all of which, if stopped, he returns the whining reply, '*Ane meskin*' (I am a poor man); or, in other words, 'I cannot help it.'

"The Bedouins' and Egyptians' cruelty to animals—horses, donkeys, mules and camels alike—arises from thoughtlessness and indifference, and if the R.S.P.C.A. at Alexandria chooses to extend its sphere of activity to the Delta and up country it has a limitless field before it.

"Again, at Rosetta, one of the Nile mouths, I found poor worn-out cab-horses treading at the thick Nile clay for brick-making. In this they stood hock-high, and from exhaustion and starvation I have seen them fall helplessly in the mud, to be revived by a few strokes with a stick."

THE OLD ROAD HACKNEY

There were plenty of fine stayers in the old days among the Hackneys, just as there were among their relations, the thoroughbreds. There are some fine records of long distances covered in wonderful time, many of which are chronicled in the Hackney Stud Book.

Among the instances referred to is that of Mr. John

Mier's mare, which in 1798 trotted 50 miles in 4 hours 32 mins. on the highway near Cadoxton, Wales, covering the first mile in $3\frac{1}{2}$ mins. and the last in 4 mins. 3 secs. A broken-kneed, stone-blind mare, belonging to Mr. Woodcock, East Harling, Norfolk, trotted 40 miles on June 6, 1822, in 3 hours 43 mins.; and a horse of Mr. Dixon's trotted 30 miles on the Romford road in 2 hours 46 mins. 43 secs., carrying 15 stone; and later on Mr. Dyson's horse trotted 40 miles in 3 hours 37 mins. 40 secs. over a ten-mile piece of ground.

Many other well-authenticated long-distance performances could be quoted as credited to the early Hackney, whilst almost innumerable instances of very fast times for short distances can be produced.

In confirmation of this statement, the "Sporting Magazine" of April, 1794, may be quoted. The issue in question refers to Mr. Ogden's mare, which possessed records of four miles in 12 mins. 14 secs., 40 miles in 3 hours, carrying 18 stone, 10 miles in 33 and 32 mins., and 30 miles in 2 hours. At a more recent date, namely, September, 1820, the "Sporting Magazine" gives the particulars of Aldridge's trotting match, which created immense interest in 1783. From what appears, it seems that Mr. James Aldridge's mare trotted 10 miles

in 57 mins. 20 secs. and with 12 stone up, and finished so fresh that she looked like covering the best part of another mile within the time.

On April 17, 1798, Othello, the property of Mr. Chas. Herbert, trotted 17 miles in 58 mins. 40 secs. on the Highgate road; and in July, 1800, on the Cambridge road, a brown mare of Mr. Dixon's covered the distance in 56 mins.

Again, in November, 1800, the "Sporting Magazine" refers to an old one-eyed mare which trotted 17 miles on the Huntingdon road in 57 mins., and adds that as the backers of time refused to accept the decision of the watch-holder she was sent over the distance again, and then covered it in 53 mins.

Perhaps the greatest trotter of all time, however, was the wonderful pony Phenomena, by Othello, mentioned above, out of a half-bred mare. She was under 14·2 hands, and was foaled in May, 1788, her breeder being Sir Edward Astley, of Melton Constable, Norfolk.

Amongst the many remarkable performances of Phenomena were the following: 17 miles in 56 mins. when 12 years old, on the Huntingdon road, in June, 1800, her owner then being a Mr. Robson. Heavy bets being made that she did not repeat the performance,

she was brought out again in the July following, and covered the 17 miles a few seconds under 54 mins.

After that, Phenomena was matched for 2,000 guineas to trot 19½ miles in the hour, but as it came to the knowledge of the backers of time that in the course of the former match she covered the last four miles inside the 11 mins. they very sensibly paid forfeit. When she was twenty years old she trotted 9 miles in 21 mins. 30 secs., eventually dropping down dead when trotting across a common on a hot June day in 1814, at which time she had returned to the possession of the Astley family, her owner being the Rev. Dr. Astley, a son of the breeder.

Compared with the achievements of Phenomena, the performances of all other contemporary Hackneys fall into the shade, but sufficient has been shown to prove that the old breed were capable of going fast and staying.

Beyond all question—indeed, the correctness of the statement has never been questioned—a Hackney contributed greatly to the improvement of the American trotter, and his blood flows in the veins of most of the greatest performers on the track.

The Hackney in question was Jary's Bellfounder, No. 55 in the Hackney Society's Stud Book, bred and owned by Mr. Roger Jary, of Harling, Norfolk. He

was a bright bay 15-hand horse, and was foaled in 1816, being imported into America by Mr. James Booth, of Boston, in July, 1822.

According to Mr. Kissam, one of the gentlemen under whose control he was in America, Bellfounder had "a small head and ears, full, prominent eyes and wide apart, shoulders deep and oblique, deep girth, short back, round ribbed, long, full quarters, pasterns rather short, tail and mane full-haired."

Messenger, a thoroughbred stallion, was exported from England to America about the same time as Bellfounder, and it was undoubtedly these two sires who were the progenitors of the American trotter. At various times thoroughbred blood has been infused, hence the striking resemblance between the trotting horse and the thoroughbred.

Chapter IX

The Pre-Victorian Coaching Days—Joe Tollit—James Selby's "Old Times"—Splan's Reply to Archer—Personality in Horsemanship—Jesse Beery—Everard Calthrop—The Indian Cowboy—The Late Willie Lane—The Likes and Dislikes of Horses—Lord Lonsdale's Record Drive—The Late Walter Winans—Lady Dalmeny—The Late Richard Bainbridge—Dr. H. W. Darrell—George Warman—A Perfect Horsewoman—The Wheelwright Horse-breaker—Horsemen I Met in the Army—Driving—The Ordinary Careless Driver—The Way to Hold the Reins—The Journey Horse—How to Avoid Colic—Types and Characters of the Harness Cob—A Drive Behind Cashmere—James W. Packman—Jack Skinner—The Trotter Mary Shawbay—Richmond—Fred Metcalfe—The World's Champion, Lee Axworthy.

Chapter IX

HORSEMEN

ONE of the three famous brothers who adorned the road in pre-Victorian days was Joe Tollit. And it is not recorded that the remarkable feat he accomplished on May 1, 1834, was by any means the death of him, for he afterwards drove the "Oxford Age" from "The Vine" in Oxford to "The Bell and Crown" in Holborn—up to-day and down to-morrow.

There was very considerable rivalry on the Oxford road, and there was one rival in particular whom "The Age" was anxious to dispose of once for all. The distance was about the same as that from London to Brighton—fifty-four miles. The opposition coach held the record—something over four hours—and "The Age" publicly announced its intention of lowering this record. On that eventful May day Tollit started from "The Vine" at his regular hour of eleven. The twenty-five miles to Wycombe, the worst part of the journey, were accomplished in two hours.

From Wycombe to London was twenty-nine miles more, and that distance was covered in the surprising time of one hour and forty minutes, though there had been an enforced wait at Uxbridge, where horses were not ready. While at Acton there was only available a team which had just come down, and which Joe in person had to assist in putting to.

When one considers that "The Age" was a solid and substantial vehicle, in comparison with which James Selby's "Old Times" would have seemed spidery, one cannot help being much impressed with Mr. Tollit's achievement. Fifty-four miles, with such a weight behind him, in 3 hours 40 mins. is something a good deal better than other performances.

To be sure, Joe was not officially timed, and it is himself who told the tale, but no one gainsaid it, and the sporting duke to whom he told it knew him and believed it.

On July 13, 1888, Selby drove the "Old Times" from Hatchett's, Piccadilly, to Brighton and back in 7 hours 50 mins. A bet of £1,000 to £500 had been laid that he would not cover the distance within eight hours.

From Castle Square, Brighton, to the Elephant and Castle is 52 miles. Selby drove to the "Ship" and used Chelsea Suspension Bridge in preference to Westminster.

To say he made a matter of 54 miles of it is probably to understate the actual mileage he travelled.

He made sixteen changes; only one of them, it has been said, occupied more than a minute, and two minutes were lost at the closed gates of a level crossing. Not more than two minutes were required for the turn round.

Taking the total distance at 108 miles, the average pace works out at over 13 miles an hour, though on the galloping stage the pace was 22 miles an hour. He had daylight, macadam, and no accident, but only that one little hitch at the crossing. But then, alone he did it. And what that may mean in a race of this kind, the amount of nervous strain and stress it may involve, was proved by the sequel in Selby's case. His drive was the real, if not the actual, cause of his death in the December following.

SPLAN'S REPLY TO FRED ARCHER

The great American driver, John Splan, who reduced the world's record of Goldsmith Maid from 2 mins. 14 secs. to 2 mins. 13¼ secs. with Rarus, marked Johnston in 2 mins. 6¼ secs. to high wheels, secured the first sweep through the Grand Circuit with Wedgwood, and made the names of Newcastle and Newburger

familiar by winning a long series of races with both of them, was credited with many witty sayings during his career on the track, and will always be remembered as a wit who lived and sparkled in the good old days of harness-racing when the breed was being founded and trotting horses were in a measure manufactured by the men who developed them.

One of Splan's most brilliant flashes of wit was placed on record in the lobby of the St. James' Hotel on Broadway, in New York City. The English jockey, Fred Archer, whose name became a household word on the American continent on account of him winning the English Derby with Iroquois, had made a trip across the Atlantic in search of health. His head-quarters were at the St. James', whose proprietor, Captain Conner, was an ardent admirer of the gallopers and had many beautiful paintings of them scattered all over the house. One afternoon, while Archer was there, John Splan dropped in for a visit. A group of horse-men suggested that it would be a capital idea to introduce Archer to the greatest living driver. Archer was very much pleased with the suggestion, and after the greetings were exchanged the slender little man slid up to the big six-footer and said: "By the way, Mr. Splan, what are the principal fixed events on the trotting turf in

America ? " He then went on to state that in England they had the Derby, St. Leger, City and Suburban, etc., etc., under that head.

Splan waited patiently until his new acquaintance had completed his explanation. He then stooped over, and in a hoarse whisper said in Archer's ear :

" Between you and I, Fred, they are *nearly all fixed.*"

When Captain Conner heard of it he offered to bet a bottle and a bird against a glass of cold water that Archer would die without ever knowing what Splan meant.

PERSONALITY IN HORSEMANSHIP

Personality plays a great part in horsemanship. The famous professors of horse-training, such as the great Powell, Rarey, Sample, Galvayne, Jesse Beery, Everard Calthrop and Capt. Mike Rimington are all men whom you could judge at a glance to be horsemen of great personality. These men have not been horsemen dressed for the occasion ; as a matter of fact, their ordinary attire was very neat and plain, and not " horsy."

Jesse Beery had a charming personality. He could always make friends with the most savage horse in a few

minutes. His school of horsemanship at Ohio has been a boon to the true horse-lover—and undoubtedly a millennium to the horse.

Everard Calthrop has a most patient and delicate manner and a great personality. I have assisted him occasionally, and have been able to judge for myself. I saw him handle two wild unbroken colts most artistically. The colts soon took kindly to him, and followed him about as if they were perfectly broken.

I have studied horsemen equally as much as I have studied the horse. I could mention hundreds of good horsemen I have met. Perhaps the best rider I ever saw was an Indian, Tom Threepersons.

I remember at a stampede show in the far west of Canada how a mad-tempered bucking-broncho threw every cowboy who mounted him, and the champion rider of a well-known ranch was badly thrown and injured. The crowd called for Tom, but it was impossible for him to appear because he was in gaol awaiting trial. The sheriff was present, and he was persuaded to let Tom out to have a ride on the broncho fellow. Tom was escorted to the ring by two police officers. The broncho was thrown, and Tom stood over his body when the ropes were released. The horse jumped up and commenced to buck, rear and twist round

very swiftly, backing at the same time. But Tom Threepersons rode him—and rode him well—and remained on for about ten minutes.

When the horse was again lassoed and Tom flung himself off, he was rather dizzy after this rough ride, and after a great ovation he was quietly taken back to his cell. He was absolutely the best roughrider I ever saw. He had a perfectly natural seat and good hands. The broncho could not move him from the saddle, and he rode him with a great amount of ease and comfort. I do not know what became of him, but he had my admiration, gaol-bird or not.

When the late Willie Lane was riding I was acquainted with him through my father, and I had a good opportunity of observing and making a study of his methods. The influence this great jockey had over horses was really wonderful, and I can only attribute it to some intuitive perception possessed by the animals, which acquainted them with the fact that he was their master No doubt it was due to his will-power. It was evident that he was a very plucky horseman, for even in his boyhood days he used to ride bad-tempered horses and master them. His personality was a good deal to do with his charming gift in managing troublesome horses. He was the son of Mr. Joe Lane, a well-known London

jobmaster, who was widely known as an exceptionally good horseman of his day.

I have often observed the remarkable influence some men, and women too, have over horses, whilst others are quite helpless in their attempts to make friends. My belief is that horses have some instinct or portion of the brain developed that they are able to take likes and dislikes. In their natural state they form friendships with other horses, and are quite vicious toward any particular horse who has not been fortunate enough to win their friendship. Therefore if a horseman, whether he be a jockey, coachman, horse-trainer, or an ordinary horse-lover, possesses the necessary personality which appeals to the horse, then he wins fame, especially if he is a good horseman in the bargain. He rides, drives, or trains horses that other people fail to succeed with, and eventually gains a world-wide reputation.

I remember when in the Army how some young city clerks who were not used to them would gain favour with certain horses, while others could never make friends with them at all. So this shows that anybody, whether connected with horses or not, may possess the desired personality.

Lord Lonsdale is an exceptionally clever horseman, and has trained quite a large number of vicious horses

for his own pleasure and interest, and it is obvious that he possesses the personality I refer to. Besides being a keen follower to hounds, Lord Lonsdale is a splendid whip.

There is one episode in the long sporting career of Lord Lonsdale which will particularly appeal to all lovers of the horse, and as it is an episode not known to many of the present generation—it occurred nearly thirty years ago—it is well worth relating.

It arose out of a driving match, which was the outcome of an after-dinner argument with the Earl of Shrewsbury over the respective merits of the different modes of progression by horses, and much discussion took place concerning the possibilities of driving long distances and the highest possible speed attainable. Lord Shrewsbury possessed a very good trotter, which he at times drove in double harness with a galloper, and also two horses that did nothing but gallop in double harness. On the other hand, Lord Lonsdale had a pair of fast gallopers as well as a celebrated pair of trotting mares.

As is customary with the true-born sporting Englishman, the prospect of a contest was like good wine to Lord Lonsdale, and the conversation ended in a match between the sporting noblemen for £100 a side, the

different feats to be performed being : to drive five miles single, five miles double, a like distance four-in-hand, and the final five miles' ride and drive post without any restrictions as to gait, each nobleman to choose his own road, and the decision as to which was to be used to be left to Mr. Arthur Coventry, who was appointed referee.

The road between Reigate and Crawley was eventually agreed upon, though Lord Lonsdale had wanted the road between Walter Newton and Norman Cross to be used. Tuesday, March 10, 1891, was the date agreed upon for the match, in which much public interest was taken. There had been snow in London, but driving was quite practicable on the road selected. Anyhow, Lord Shrewsbury did not turn up, but Lord Lonsdale gave the public an exhibition rather than disappoint the numerous spectators. The first stage was driven in single harness to an American buggy sent over from America by Mr. Richard K. Fox, for the special use of Lord Lonsdale.

" To this marvellous production of the coach-builder's art—the draught being only four pounds—was harnessed the thoroughbred gelding War Paint, by Unucas, out of Toilet, by Speculum out of Vanity, which had been claimed by Armstrong of Penrith out of a selling race, and subsequently broken to harness."

There was a bit of delay in this section of the contest, owing to the police, but the stage was covered in 13 mins. $39\frac{1}{5}$ secs. The change from single harness to the driving of a pair was quickly effected, and Blue and Yellow, a pair of beautiful brown mares bred in America, who were attached to another buggy, the property of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, were soon speeding on their way, and the five miles was completed in 12 mins. $51\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

A quick change to four-in-hand took place at the Reigate end of the course, and a beautiful bit of coachmanship was shown by Lord Lonsdale, every animal moving fair and square, and the five miles being covered in 15 mins. $9\frac{2}{5}$ secs. Bar accidents, it was odds on the twenty miles being completed within the hour, and when his lordship did the last stage in 18 mins. $55\frac{4}{5}$ secs., thus making the whole twenty miles 55 mins. $35\frac{4}{5}$ secs., there was a stentorian shout of enthusiasm from a huge throng of interested spectators.

The late Walter Winans possessed a wonderful personality with horses. He was a great help to the trotting sport in Great Britain. He formed the British Amateur Driving Club, in 1919, and it was at a meeting of the Driving Club that he met his tragic death. He was driving his trotting mare Henrietta Guy when he

fainted and fell from the sulky. As many present at the time remarked, he died in harness.

The Amateur Driving Club soon fell to pieces after his death, in spite of Mr. Beresford Webb's efforts to keep it going.

Lady Dalmeny was a member, and raced her British-bred trotting mare, Dolly Bingen, with great success.

I think it will be well worth while to recall a great race which took place about a week before Mr. Winans met with his fatal accident. There was a good field; Mr. Winans was driving his 14-hand American trotting pony, Harvest Star. In the first half the horses were keeping together well, when Mr. Winans gradually drew out and took the lead. Mr. W. Buckly, the amateur driver, who was driving the American gelding Cranach, then got on level terms with Harvest Star. Both horses were trotting well, about a hundred yards from the winning-post; it was obvious to everyone that Buckly was dead heating with Mr. Winans. The horses' heads were level and Buckly was driving a clever race. "A dead heat!" the crowd shouted. "Dead heat!" But the race was not finished. There were ten more yards to go.

I shall never forget it! At this intense moment Mr. Winans dropped his hands, drew his pony a smart one

with the whip and shouted, "Go on! Go on!" He just won by a head, the time being 2 mins. 27 secs. for one mile. It was a great finish, and showed what a clever driver Mr. Winans really was.

I was in the judges' box at the time with the late Mr. Richard Bainbridge, the well-known trotting-horse owner and breeder. The last time I saw Mr. Bainbridge alive was at Richmond Horse Show, when he was judging the trotter classes. In his younger days Mr. Bainbridge took a great interest in road-racing. After racing his trotters at Wembley Park with great success, he assisted in forming the Essex Amateur Trotting Club. He was known as the "Pony King," having a stable of very fast and smart ponies. The 14-hand pony Cinderella trotted the mile in 2 mins. 24 secs. His famous pony was Maggie H., 12 hands, whose record was 2 mins. 37 secs. for one mile. A notable feat for a pony so small.

The trotting fraternity lost another good friend when Dr. H. W. Darrell died. He was a vice-president of the National Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association. Dr. Darrell was born in Bermuda and educated in Canada. He bred some splendid trotters. His beautiful stallion, Lord Bantam, record 2 mins. 20 secs., did a lot of winning for him in pace and action classes. At the sale

held after the death of Dr. Darrell there was quite a score of fashionably-bred trotters sent to auction. These trotters had never seen the racing-track. At the time there was rather a scarcity of good-class trotters, and these met with a very good market. Needless to say, they soon found their way to the track, and most of them were successful, one being Lady of the Clan, who won every race she was entered in.

Another well-known member of the Amateur Driving Club was Mr. George Warman, whose love for a horse, especially a trotter, was overwhelming. In the old days he used to coach a fine team of trotters to Essex trotting meetings. He had a great personality with horses and oft-times bought a so-called "rogue" and taught him to race quietly. Many of the present-day trotting-horse trainers have taken a leaf out of Mr. Warman's book, for he was certainly a great tutor and a very, very fine horseman.

It is a very strange thing, but most Englishmen like to be known as horsemen, especially when abroad, even if their experience is but little. Nothing hurts an Englishman more than to tell him he is not a good horseman. A great many get hold of a very foolish system, invariably copied from a rough, inexperienced breaker, carter or groom. This wrong system of handling

a horse gets fixed in their heads. They cannot think for themselves and dislike to be told by others, because their first tutor taught them all they required to know.

Now these horsemen have helped to earn the Englishman a poor reputation in the Colonies. When they have displayed their small amount of skill, the Colonial smiles and thinks that all Englishmen are as bad, when really we have in England some of the finest riders and drivers, besides judges of horses, that the world has ever produced. The British horsewoman oft-times is unobserved in the show-ring, the reason being that her qualifications are perfect. She can "hold her own" either at team-driving, tandem, single, or in the hunting-field. A visit to any of our horse shows will convince one that we *do* possess a perfect horsewoman.

I once knew of a blacksmith and wheelwright who used to give exhibitions of horsemanship to the ignorant, besides doing a little dealing. If a horse was a trouble to shoe he would hit it unmercifully with his hammer and thrash it. Shoeing was only a side-line in his business—and a good thing, too, for the poor horses. But to suggest that he was not a horseman meant murder for the person who ventured to tell him. I remember how he paid a visit to the Royal City Horse Repository, Barbican, and purchased a black-brown cob. Afterwards,

with the assistance of some local boys, he harnessed the cob and drove it, I think, about 200 yards. The pony was only spirited and high-couraged; the wheelwright mistook this for vice, and decided there and then to take him out of harness and give him some "medicine," as he called it—an administration of the whip.

No, he could not drive this beautiful pony.

This is only one of many cases where his system failed, and the pony was sent to St. Martin's Lane Repository the following week. I ascertained the full particulars, and went to the sale with my friend, who wanted to buy a good pony. We selected this very pony; he was much cheaper than he was the previous week in Barbican, for he was not warranted. I had the pony to drive for a few days, and he was one of the best-mannered ponies I ever drove behind. He was a real Welshman with a little courage when he started away. My friend, I think, still has the pony, and we often have a quiet laugh about the wheelwright who sold him for £7 less than he gave for him because he thought the pony was wicked!

This is only one example of what some so-called horsemen do. I quote this merely as an illustration, to warn my readers against accepting advice upon horses from such muddlers as these.

Great horsemen, I still maintain, have personality

which appeals to the horse. Some horsemen have horses with which they can do nothing; but place these same horses with a born trainer, and the animals' ways are soon mended. Much has been written on the vicious horse. Professor Powell says "no horse is born wicked; but they vary in temperament." His proof is that several vicious stallions (made so by spiteful grooms) known to him have always bred kind, docile and intelligent colts. The late Mr. Winans used to say that the reason why we have so many vicious horses is because vicious sires and dams are bred with on account of their speed or action, temperament and manners being the last point considered. But I am inclined to agree with Powell, for I have recently been handling a two-year-old Welsh-bred cob whose dam was a bad kicker, and the filly was sold for fear she should inherit the vices of her dam. I can truthfully say that this filly is absolutely quiet and docile to ride or drive to-day, but no doubt if she had been roughly handled and teased she would have been made vicious.

Bad breaking, teasing, and cruelty all help to make a horse vicious. The horse is an imitator, and he is easily influenced for either good or bad, and soon forms habits. Therefore act kindly and he will imitate you; always teach him good things and good habits, for this

wise treatment determines the career of the colt, and he will invariably turn out a good fellow.

An Army life teaches one that there are several kinds of horsemen. When I joined His Majesty's Army in September, 1914, I naturally thought that I was going to be of some practical use. But I was indirectly forbidden to have anything to do with the horses. I spent several weeks tidying up the canteen—a very congenial occupation in the estimation of the other Tommies who were on duty. But cleaning mustard-pots and polishing knives did not fascinate me. I joined with very good credentials, and they were all ignored. I rode when the opportunity presented itself, but to obtain a regular post with the horses was a practical impossibility.

The Commanding Officer, a most obnoxious man—I am free now to say what I choose—used to take an instant dislike to anyone who could ride a horse better than he (like the royal gentleman who, hundreds of years ago, used to have those who were better archers than himself severely punished). So his subtle pets, the Sergeant-major and Q.M.S., kept an eagle eye upon me. At the first opportunity they marched me before the O.C., who promptly, without any cross-examination, instructed the sergeant-major to take off my stripes.

The truth, which the O.C. would not listen to, was

that our rations were being stolen and sold to the shop-keepers, and my men, who were very dissatisfied and hungry, were always grumbling and making complaints; so, in order to draw the officer's attention, they were purposely late on parade or for duty, thinking it would bring about a better menu—instead of which it resulted in my being "broken." (Reduced to the Ranks).

The O.C., a man of small stature, had been in India, and was used to dealing with black men, not white men. He had, I heard afterwards, performed exactly the same ceremony of breaking a N.C.O. who showed a better aptitude for riding and general horsemanship than he. When the O.C. was mounted he resembled a country butcher-boy riding a pony to the blacksmith's, with his shoulders shaking up and down and elbows flapping, bad hands and an ugly seat. In spite of having been with horses for many years, he knew very little about them, and he lacked the gift he was so envious of in other horsemen.

I remember a very funny incident taking place when the veterinary officer and the same Commanding Officer were examining mares that had proved to be in foal—how I purposely led an old gelding with a pot belly or enlarged abdomen to be examined. The gelding was casually observed, passed in-foal, and sent to the brood

mare section. How many other blunders were made through similar presumptions as these?

Whilst my services were still ignored as a horseman, I saw city clerks, waiters and pianoforte-makers acting as shoeing-smiths and roughriders, but I was generally to be found on fatigue. Once I was commissioned to become a "red-cap"—a calling I strongly objected to. The officers I came in contact with were a great scream. Most of them were strangers to the animal called "the horse." I once heard a major ask the shoeing-smith to "pick the beastly brute's paw up," as he thought there was something in the shoe (not the foot !).

My most exasperating experience was when I asked for a responsible position with the horses, for I could see how the poor things were being neglected for the want of a competent organiser. I was promptly told off by a captain, who said, "Whatever do you know about horses?" and questioned me with, "Where is the horse's wind? What is the most important thing about the horse?"—questions I could not very well answer politely to a superior officer.

I well recollect how in November, 1914, somewhere in France, how I selected a beautiful chestnut gelding from about two hundred remounts. He was very green, but the correct type of middle-weight hunter. I

rode him when I got the opportunity, and schooled him the best I could close to a farm where I was billeted. He wanted plenty of riding and exceptionally good hands—essentially light ones—or else he would soon get out of control by rearing, after which he would turn nappy. The guns had upset him a good bit. In good hands he was perfectly topping.

On Christmas morning, 1914, I rode him to a village to get some rations, and to my unpleasant surprise I was confronted by the two officers I have already mentioned.

"Where did you get that brute from? Dismount!"

When I had obeyed my superior officer he had a serious conflab with his colleague about the horse. After which they decided to commandeer it.

But the fun did not commence until the captain mounted him, his heavy, unskilled hands and sharp spurs (fresh from Woolworth's) annoyed the fiery gelding so that he stood up on his hind legs and pranced; he endured the snatching and jerking of the bit until he was so upset that he bucked. Off came the officer and away went the horse.

Most of the officers tried to ride him, but without success. He was afterwards kept in a loose-box and no one was allowed to ride him. If the C.O. had seen *me*

riding the horse in ease and comfort he would have had me shot at dawn.

After being invalided home I was gazetted second-lieutenant in the Royal Army Service Corps, but on medical grounds I had to relinquish my commission. (*London Gazette*, July 17, 1916.) It was at this period that I took to a country life. I decided to utilise my knowledge of the horse with a view to breeding and training, and it was at this stage I wished I had been born twenty years sooner, when the roads were made for horses, not motor-cars.

DRIVING

Most of us at some time in our lives have driven a horse. It seems quite an easy undertaking when the horse is a congenial old fellow who knows his way about fairly well. But, when spirited horses are to be dealt with, then there are some people who would prefer to be driven instead of driving themselves.

I hate to see the old gentleman who has "been used to horses all his life," as soon as he takes the reins, allows the horse to race off at a terrific pace, a sort of trotting with his forelegs and fox-trotting with his hind ones. This type of driver will never be told, and he is usually the gentleman who boasts of all sorts of numerous

accidents he has had. I don't wonder at it, if he handles the ribbons the same with all the horses entrusted to his care.

Always glance round the harness and rein-billets before getting into the trap; never rely on anyone: always satisfy yourself. The reins should be held in the left hand—the left rein passing over the forefinger and the right rein lying between the second and third fingers. The thumb is always on top. The right hand can assist when driving through traffic by lightly taking hold of the right rein in front of the left hand. Do not hang on too tightly to the reins; just feel the horse's mouth—give and take.

Keep the horse going well up to the bit, keeping the reins steady. Click him or give a stroke with the whip; never jerk or snatch the reins, as most bad drivers do when they want the horse to go faster. Drive fast and stop often. Never allow the horse to break or gallop. When he feels as though he is just going to "break up" or "bobble," draw the reins tight and stop him.

Never use a bearing-rein if the horse carries his head badly; drive him with an "over-check" for a few weeks. This will teach him to carry his head in the right place. If the horse throws his head use the Irish

martingale, or ordinary martingale. Always keep the hands down, for when they are held high there is no control over the animal should he stumble or require checking. If the horse should stumble, never whip him, and if he is a sure-footed one, pull up and look to his feet, for there may be a stone wedged between the web of the shoe and the frog.

If you are going on a long journey, always allow the horse to go steadily for the first few miles. Some drivers bustle for the first half of the journey and are content to think they have the worst of it over. They are sometimes surprised, too, when the horse shows symptoms of colic, through being hurried on a full stomach. A frequent mouthful of water at intervals prevents colic. Some poor horses go all day without tasting a drop of water, because the driver is so afraid of gripes; but when the horse arrives home he has a good drink of water (chilled water, as some folks call it, which I suppose means chilly or cold instead of water with the chill taken off). The empty stomach, the long interval and fatigue usually bring on the much-fought-against complaint—gripes or colic.

The ordinary cold-blooded pony or cob who is lazy to a degree and requires a good deal of whip is the most difficult and uncomfortable of all horses to drive. The

shyer is dangerous and objectionable. The cob who kicks is also very dangerous, and the runaway, of course, is a sure suicide. Welsh cobs are usually very even-tempered to drive; they shy sometimes when they are broken in near a quiet little village because they see so few motors, but when they are used to all traffic they are generally free from vice, are not too spirited, and usually have good mouths. The Hackney is a beautiful horse to drive, but he is sometimes very spirited and gets very fresh; this is often mistaken for vice.

A good whip enjoys driving a high-couraged Hackney, and it is pleasing to watch his action in the shop windows when driving down the main streets.

The most pleasant of all to drive, in my opinion, is the trotter. There are good and bad trotters, the same as there are good and bad Hackneys and other breeds. But I mean a "middlin'" good trotter—not necessarily a very fast one. I do so love to let him jog on the road at about six miles an hour without any fuss or prancing about. And when you say "Get up!" he is off at about twelve miles an hour in ease and comfort, carrying his head well up and stepping free and easy and not exhausting himself with extravagant action. And when you want to pass another turnout you have only just

got to hold the reins a little tighter, and he " opens out " and is soon trotting a three-minute gait—that equals twenty miles per hour.

I well remember a great drive I had with a trotter. It happened that an old professor called at my farm one day to see a colt I was training for him ; he wanted to get to a particular destination in a certain time. Upon looking at the time-table he found it could not be done by train, so I suggested driving him with Cashmere, a young trotting mare by Silk Twist. The professor said he felt sure the mare could never do it. It was to be a ten-mile journey, and I knew within a little that the mare could cover the distance in about forty minutes. However, we started. The mare jogged the first mile, as I had always taught her to do.

The professor said, " I'm afraid I shall never be there in time."

So I asked him to sit firmly on the road-sulky and to hold tight. The mare was increasing her stride and trotting a four-minute gait comfortably when we arrived at my favourite five miles of level road. The mare drew us through the air as if she had wings ; her action behind was wide and strong ; she trotted clean and did not require boots of any description. We covered the five miles in approximately fifteen minutes ;

the time taken for the ten-mile run was about thirty-seven minutes, not more.

When I pulled the mare up she was not even blowing, and was only just commencing to sweat.

The professor was so surprised that he said, "Do you always train them to go like that?" He said he had driven behind hundreds of good horses, but never before had he ridden behind such a grand goer as Cashmere. In fact, he had more or less disregarded trotters, not knowing how wonderful they really were.

I am anxious to deal as extensively as I possibly can with the trotting-horse, both the British-bred and the American-bred, because so few writers have entertained the breed—for what reason I cannot understand.

No doubt one of the most enthusiastic trotting-horse breeders was Mr. James Wood Packman, the owner of Jim P., the popular trotting gelding. Trotting was his hobby, and he did much to help the sport. It was very sad when this genial sportsman had to relinquish his interests from the sport on account of failing health. The stud was afterwards carried on by his sons, who met with great success as amateur owners and drivers. Farm Girl, a beautiful mare by Heritor, won many races for them.

Maggie Hummer, a granddaughter of George Hummer, has created a big sensation for a three-year-old; her trainer, Mr. Jack Skinner, possessing a great gift for training and developing youngsters, can be classed as one of our best trainers. His ambition has been to raise the standard of the British-bred trotter, and his aim has been accomplished, for his young stallion Archibald has beaten all records.

Probably the fastest mare in England to-day is Mary Shawbay, an American trotter. I have only seen her twice, but I feel sure this mare has a great future in this country.

The most consistent pacer we have had in England for many years is Richmond, a mile record, 2 mins. 18 secs. He was imported by the famous Canadian trainer, Mr. Fred Metcalfe, and sold to Mr. Harry Smith, who won many races with the horse and a first prize at the Royal Richmond Horse Show, besides many private matches. Richmond is a "double-barrel" sound horse, and a credit to his breed.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION TROTTING STALLION

The story of the famous stallion Lee Axworthy will be interesting to all. This horse, who is by Guy Axworthy, dam Gaiety Lee by Bingen, out of Gaiety Girl by Red

Wilkes, and full sister to Gay Bingen, was bred at Ardmaer Farm, Raritan, N.J., and foaled on May 31, 1911. He was sold as a yearling at Madison Square Garden, but, not satisfying his purchaser, was traded with another colt to the Pastime Stable.

His new trainer got along well with him after he had been fitted with a head-pole, and Lee Axworthy soon showed promising signs, and in 1914 beat a high-class field of three-year-olds, trotting in 2 mins. $8\frac{3}{4}$ secs. and 2 mins. 8 secs.

In August he met Peter Volo, who was looked upon to win the Futurities, and made him trot in 2 mins. $4\frac{3}{4}$ secs. and 2 mins. $5\frac{3}{4}$ secs. to win.

He then developed a form of rheumatism, but was good enough at Lexington in his last race of that season to push Peter Volo to a head in 2 mins. $7\frac{1}{4}$ secs. and 2 mins. 5 secs. in the first two heats, and to get third in the final in 2 mins. $3\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

In the following year Lee Axworthy won the M and M. $10,000 classic at Detroit, 2 mins. $6\frac{1}{4}$ secs., 2 mins. $4\frac{3}{4}$ secs., and 2 mins. $4\frac{3}{4}$ secs. Then came a match with Peter Volo at North Randall, which Lee won. Peter Volo scored in the first heat in 2 mins. 2 secs., but Lee Axworthy gained in the second and third in 2 mins. $3\frac{1}{4}$ secs. and 2 mins. $4\frac{1}{4}$ secs.

In 1916 Lee Axworthy was only started against time, and at the second Grand Circuit meeting at North Randall he put up a record of 2 mins. ¼ sec., thus beating the famous performance of 2 mins. 1 sec. by the Harvester at Columbus in 1910. His time for a quarter-mile was 30½ secs., half-mile 1 min. ¼ sec., three-quarters of a mile 1 min. 30¾ secs. A few days later he trotted another mile in exactly the same time, the first quarter being traversed in 30 secs., the half in 1 min. ¾ sec., and the three-quarters in 1 min. 3½ secs.

In September of the same year Lee Axworthy trotted a wonderful mile, trotting every quarter in 30 secs. dead, and the full mile in 2 mins., making him the fourth trotter to enter the charmed circle and the second to arrive there by a "mile in the open," without a runner in front to break the wind.

But later in that season he went to Lexington. Track conditions were again perfect, but a rather strong breeze blew up the home stretch, and few believed that the champion would succeed, although he had tied Father Time once and beaten the old gentleman twice in the three trials previously. This time White took him over to the quarter in 30¼ secs., then he steamed up to the half in 59¾ secs., and around to the three-

quarters in 1 min. 28½ secs., the middle half in 58 mins. ¼ sec. Swinging into the stretch, he defiantly faced the breeze. Flesh and blood could not maintain the terrific early clip against that handicap, but the stroke of the lion-hearted bay was only slightly stayed; he came on past the stand full of wildly-cheering thousands, reaching the goal in 1 min. 59½ secs. Again Lee Axworthy had triumphed over the greatest of all opponents.

And now we come to the greatest of all the great performances of the stallion king. Desiring to take advantage of the splendid brand of weather which favoured the trots, Lee Axworthy was again scheduled to try against his record on Saturday, three days after his 1 min. 59½ secs. mile. It was a perfect day for record breaking, warm, with the flags hanging limp and a lightning-fast race-track. And such a day of record-breaking performances started by the Real Lady with a mile in 2 min. 4¼ secs., supplemented by sensational miles by Russell Boy, Braden Direct, Judge Ormonde, Lucille Spier, Harrod's Creek, and the 2 mins. 3 secs. pacers were hanging up a new four-heat record. But overshadowing all was the mile of Lee Axworthy—a mile that cast into the shade all his previous performances and placed him on a pedestal

apart, far above any trotting stallion in the history of the harness horse.

Those two stand-bys of the stallion king, Tom Murphy and Ed. Wise, were on hand as usual with the runners, the latter going to the back stretch where he joined in, while Murphy accompanied the champion all the way. When Starter Merrill gave the word, Lee was fairly flying, the runner trailing him around the turn, the timers registering 29¾ secs. at the quarter. "Too fast!" said some of the critics, for that first quarter at Lexington is a slow one; but the clip increased, and the gallant bay was skimming the ground like a swallow in full flight when Ed. Wise pulled in behind him with the second runner. Past the half he flew, and the timing-board showed 58½ secs., the second quarter in 28¾ secs. Could he come home? was the question. The way he answered it was superb, worthy of the king of horsedom. Around the far upper turn the trio thundered, and a thousand watches snapped at 1 min. 27½ secs. as the champion's nose showed at the three-quarter pole. The middle half had been covered in 57¾ secs., the pride of the clan of Axworthy was leading the chase, was holding the Scythebearer safe.

In the stretch the supreme test came. Crouched low in the sulky, Ben White was calling on the champion

for the last great effort. Thundering at his sides were the two runners—the voices of Murphy and Wise blending in the trumpet-call for speed. Tense and silent, the grand-stand occupants were on their feet, pulling for another victory. Tired he was (1 min. 27½ secs. at the three-quarters explains that), but the lion-like courage that had broken the hearts of the greatest trotters in 1915 would not permit him to falter. Trotting true with that frictionless stride, head high with "the look of eagles" in his eyes, Lee Axworthy came to the wire on that October afternoon, vanquishing Father Time again. There was a sharp clang from the timer's stand, and the board showed 1 min. 58¼ secs. Lee Axworthy again had triumphed, and was seated more firmly than ever on his throne.

The following week Lee was hitched to waggon, and Mr. Devereux drove him a mile in 2 mins. 2¾ secs., the world's stallion record to that hitch, in spite of very cold weather and a strong wind.

The champion goes clean in front with the exception of a light pair of quarter boots. Behind he wears shin boots and scalpers. An open bridle, the plainest of harness, not to mention the fastest sulky in the world—there you have the outfit of the king of trotters.

Lee Axworthy is a beautiful mahogany bay, almost

solid in colour. The exceptions are a trace of white on both hind pasterns and a faint star in his forehead. He is a " big little " horse, standing 15 hands high, although in harness he looks larger.

Time : One mile in 1 min. 58¼ secs.

Chapter X

The Necessity of Soundness and Correct Training—Balancing—Badly-fitting Harness—The National Trotting-Horse Breeders' Show—The Rascal Wins the Pacer Class—Harvest Star Wins the Cup for Trotters—Prince Gayton Wins the £1,000 Handicap—Archibald by Alvander—Some Famous Trotting Stallions: Their Records—The Improvement of the Welsh Trotter—The North London Road Matches—The Tradesman's Champion Welsh Mare—The Dark Horse from Wales—The Late Walter Winans' Harmony and Discord—The Iceland Pony, Little Bill—The World's Champion Trotting Pony, Solomon—The Trotting Stallion Neglected—Lord French and His Charger Govair—The Midland Buggy Horse.

Chapter X

THE BRITISH-BRED TROTTER

THE most valuable and appreciated animal is the one with clean action, wearing the least artificial appliances to balance. The true horseman will avoid as much as possible the burdensome, unsightly, irritating and expensive devices used to balance or, rather, cause the horse for the time being to exert itself at a particular gait.

It is a regrettable fact (and one that time alone can remedy) that from the very beginning the trotter and pacer were not bred as two distinct strains and breeds. If such precautions had been taken from the beginning we would have at the present time two breeds—trotters and pacers—of a very high state of perfection, which would hold a standard in the art of domestic breeding.

As circumstances are with the light harness racehorse at the present time, there are numerous ideas that require consideration to help the animal to success in the racing game.

I can give no more than a few fundamental principles

that are of important value, and when properly followed will eliminate the trouble in many cases.

To properly balance a horse for racing, soundness is the first and one of the most important considerations. A horse may be apparently clean and sound, examined by a veterinarian, recommended and sold as serviceably sound, may be all right for any service and the transaction business-like and legitimate, but race-horse soundness is, and must be, a different consideration.

A race-horse, when actually engaged in a race, requires and must exercise his full nerve energy and physical body power, and every part of his anatomy must be in condition fully to perform its function in harmony with every other part. Therefore, if any organ of the body is diseased or not fully developed and hardened to stand the strain equal with every other part, then that organ will weaken, irritate or pain, and cause the animal to lack in its complete and satisfactory performance.

Several horses are on record that were not sound, but raced satisfactorily. On inquiry, we find that these horses were exceptionally game, and kept in condition by great expense of labour and capital, and in charge of exceptionally good horsemen. I believe that, had they been sound, they would have been better race-horses.

One of the most expensive and critical considerations with balancing light harness race-horses is shoeing. During the last decade many ideas and changes have taken place and been tried out. The trend of opinion gradually leads to simple and plain shoeing. I favour a simple plain shoe, and no more iron than is required to protect the wall of the foot. By repeated experiences I am conscious that, in general, horses are required to carry too much weight, especially the lower-class race-horses that are in training. Weight in shoe cannot make speed or develop soundness. When weight is required to balance action, then the limbs of the animal should be relieved and given rest as much as possible, no toe weights left on over night, and shoes frequently taken off.

The angle of the foot is very important, and must be defined by the natural form and structure of the animal. When the horse wears his shoe evenly over all the surface then the angle is right, but when the shoe is worn down at one place more than at others the wall of the foot is either too high at the place where the shoe is worn most, or too low where the shoe is worn least. Forming the angle this way sometimes causes an odd-shaped foot ; this is due to the peculiar form and structure of the limb.

When shoeing a race-horse it must be borne in mind that there is nothing gained by sacrificing the limb to improve the foot. Therefore the angle of the foot, the weight, size and form of the shoe must be such as to give support, protection and free action to the limb and no more bearing than is necessary.

Driving is an important consideration in balancing and gaiting horses. A driver that cannot sit quiet and mannerly for all distances cannot expect his charge to act mannerly.

Many cases of interfering, forging, etc., are due to loafing or slow exercising.

Driving a horse longer distances and with more speed than his condition allows is a frequent cause of faulty action. Badly-fitting harness and boots sometimes cause a horse to feel disagreeable and behave and act badly.

TROTTING HORSES

The National Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association, of which the Earl of Lonsdale was president, had made all necessary arrangements for their annual show, with the exception of the selection of judges. Imagine my enthusiasm when I received a letter from the committee asking me to act as judge. The show was a great success, and there were more entries than the previous

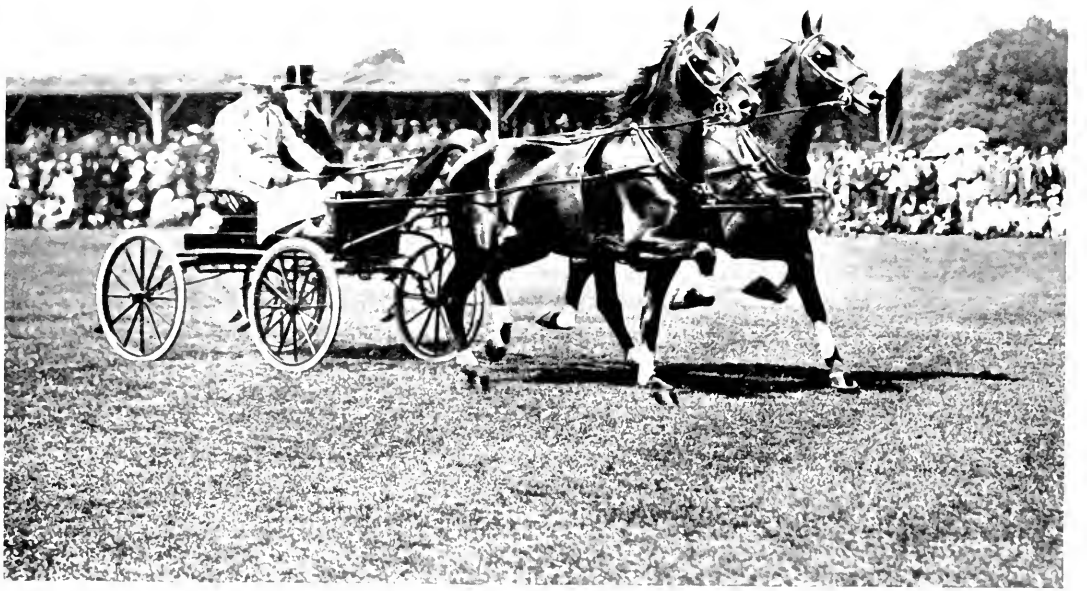
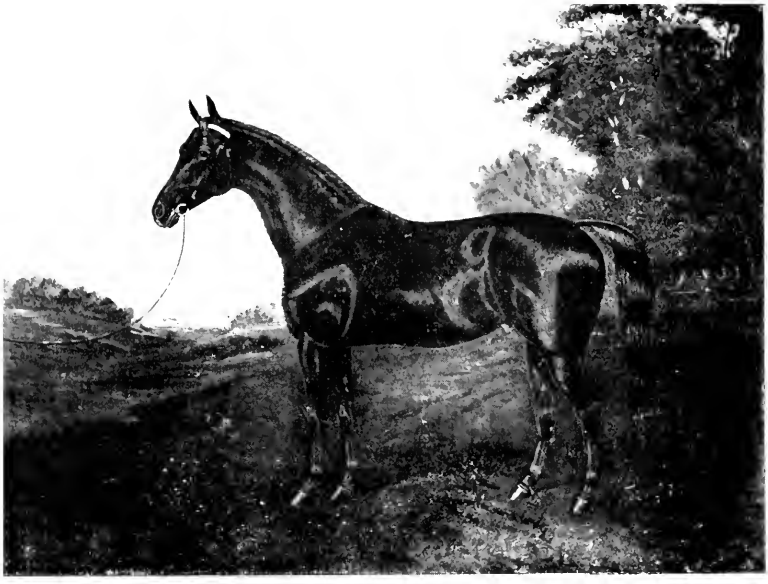


Photo by] [*W. W. Rouch & Co., Strand.*

THE LATE WALTER WINANS, ESQ., DRIVING HIS PAIR OF BRITISH-BRED TROTTERS, "HARMONY" AND "DISCORD."

[*Facing p.* 234.



[*From a painting by Clark.*

"GEORGE HUMMER." RECORD, 2.20. AMERICAN TROTTING STALLION.
PROPERTY OF THE AUTHOR

Photo by] [*G. H. Parsons.*

HACKNEY STALLION. CHAMPION "MEIN WILDFIRE," 10551.
PROPERTY OF WALTER J. RIGGS, ESQ.

year on account of so many American trotters having been imported. I think there were twenty-two entries in one class of pacers, and it took some considerable time for me to give my decision, as I was very keen on placing the right one.

The gentlemen who were assisting me were both very fine judges of Hackneys and Thoroughbreds, but they had not studied the trotting-horse, so they decided to leave the selecting to me. I drove most of the horses to give both the horse and owner a sporting chance. The horse I awarded first prize to was The Rascal, a new import. He was the best pacer I think I had ever seen on the track. There was considerable diversity of opinion as to my judgment: some were satisfied with my decision and some were not, the reason being that Lady Osgood, who was second, looked so good that it was difficult for anyone but an expert to determine which was really the better of the two. But I was pleased when Lady Osgood's owner, Mr. Turner, shook hands with me and said, "You have given the best horse the prize." I was further delighted the following week when The Rascal made a new British record, pacing a mile in 2 mins. 12¼ secs. I think he is still unbeaten, or he was the last time I saw him at Greenford Driving Park.

When I was judging Mr. Winans' mare, The Elf, in this class, the public were all certain she was going to be the winner, for at all previous shows she had always carried off the winning colours : she was a favourite. As I drove her by the grand-stand the cheers and applause were tremendous. If I had given her the prize I think everybody would have been satisfied. My two colleagues were of the opinion that she was the best pacer ; but, as much as I liked The Elf, whose sire, George Hummer, was at that time in my loose-box at home, my conscience would not allow me to award her the first, second, or even third prize, when there were faster and better-class horses competing against her. Mr. Winans said he had waited a good many years to find the horse to beat her, and he was quite pleased with the awards.

(Richmond won the pacers' class the first day at Richmond Show over Lady Osgood, and Lady Osgood won the cup in the final class, but The Rascal was not entered then.)

In the class for trotters I was again given a great task, and after driving several horses I awarded the prize to Mr. Walter Winans' pony, Harvest Star. He was the truest and squarest trotter I ever saw move, and although a trifle smaller than some of the other

horses, he was decidedly the best trotter in the show. Mr. Winans was perplexed over his three beautiful trotters, and he said he did not know really which one was going to get a prize. He thought Discord stood a good chance on account of his splendid conformation; again, he had a soft corner for Henrietta Guy, but he knew Harvest Star was the best trotter.

The awards were: Harvest Star first; Mr. Vincent's Prince Gayton second; and Mr. Winans' Henrietta Guy third.

The following week Harvest Star won the championship for trotters at Richmond Horse Show under the most eminent judges.

Prince Gayton won the £1,000 trotting stakes soon afterwards at Manchester.

The American trotters recently imported have made some good records; but some of the British-bred trotters have done remarkably well. Archibald, a young trotter by Alvander, has made a 2 mins. 20 secs. record, and his half-brother, Vanalder, holds the British-bred stallion record of 2 mins. 20 secs. The chestnut stallion Setaba, quite a pony, has covered a mile in 2 mins. 17 secs., which entitles him to the British-bred pony-pacing record.

The British-bred trotter is a sounder animal than his American cousin. A great many of the American trotters trotting here to-day require an enormous amount of nursing and doctoring before they are ready for a race; this may be due to their having been overdone when in the States. But the British-bred trotter is a very hardy horse; I can give a few instances to prove this.

Several London tradesmen who indulge in the trotting sport can often be seen driving their trotters in their trade-vans, either going or returning from market. They use the same trotter in the governess-cart for the afternoon drive, and the same trotter can be seen taking part in a race at either Greenford Driving Park or Parsloes Park on any Monday afternoon.

The British-bred trotter is usually got by an American trotter out of a Welsh mare, Hackney mare or a trotting mare. When out of the latter, they usually have more speed.

In Wales for the past ten years the Welsh farmers have experimented rather largely in the breeding of the British-bred trotter, although in Wales the progeny still retains the name "Welsh."

The trotting stallions :

			MINS.	SECS.
Heritor	American record	..	2	6¼
Silk Twist ..	,, ,,	..	2	12
Collino ..	,, ,,	..	2	14
St. Fagans Bay	,, ,,	..	2	15
Panmount ..	,, ,,	..	2	27
Little Bantam ..	British ,,	..	2	30
Alphonso ..	,, ,,	..	2	30
Young Solomon	,, ,,	..	2	45
Onward ..	,, ,,	..	2	35
Baron Alfred ..	,, ,,	..	2	12

have been used to a great many Welsh mares. Silk Twist has been accepted for registration in the Welsh Stud Book, so many of his stock being so true to the Welsh type.

I remember a friend buying a beautiful cob from Wales. I admired it so much, that I persuaded him to write to the farmer and ask, for curiosity, how she was bred. My friend insisted that she was a Welsh mare, but the farmer's reply proved that what I had thought was correct. The mare was by Silk Twist ; dam, a Welsh mare.

A great many Welsh farmers have improved their own particular strain of Welsh trotters by using the

trotting stallion ; invariably the stock are cobby and of Welsh conformation.

And again, the trotting stallion upholds the old Welsh cob's tradition of stamina and speed. The mare Cashmere I have previously referred to, by Silk Twist out of a Welsh Express mare, was a very strong mare, with quite eight inches of bone, splendid shoulders and strong, powerful quarters, and obviously Welsh to the eyes of the average horseman. She was a far better specimen than any of the Arab or Hackney crosses I have seen. By crossing with the Arab the progeny are bad trotters ; when crossed with the Hackney they are more cobby, but lose the speed ; whereas, when the Welsh mare is crossed with the trotting stallion, the progeny enjoys a perfect combination of bone, stamina and speed.

I remember a few road-matches in North London a few years ago when a tradesman was having matches galore and winning every time with his Welsh mare. The mare was a typical old Welsh sort of the Comet type. Well, a London publican was determined to win a match with his Welsh Hackney mare, but alas ! after the first six miles his mare was dead beat and the old Welsh mare completed the ten miles without turning the proverbial hair. The publican was anxious to beat the

Welsh mare, so he took a trip down to Wales with some friends, and they tried several good Welsh cobs, with the watch in hand, but it was difficult to find one who could trot ten miles in 30 minutes, for that was the old Welsh mare's time, up steep hills and down.

Eventually the publican and his friends heard of a fast black trotting mare that had been on the track, but was a better road mare, so they journeyed many miles to see her. Upon their arrival they partook of refreshments and duly viewed the mare. When one of the friends saw the mare he said, "Why, that's the saucy lady I had at ——; she is no good. Waste of time coming here." The owner, upon hearing this remark, offered to drive them 10 miles inside of 30 minutes for £100 wager.

This challenge somewhat puzzled the gentleman who knew the mare, for he had had her only for track-racing, and she was only trained for a mile race and proved herself no good for the track. She was also erratic. It appeared that several of her various owners had grown tired of her, but her present owner only used her for a trapper, and had discovered that she was a great stayer and very fast. After the first five or six miles he found that she could trot the seventh mile in 2 mins. 45 secs., providing the road at that particular place was level and not loose, and ordinarily she could trot a mile in 3 mins.

A deal was effected, and shortly after another match was made in North London. It so happened that at the seventh mile the road was level, and the mare, being fit and ready for the match, trotted it inside 2 mins. 45 secs., and won easily. Very few people fancied her, and a good wager was to be obtained.

I heard on good authority that this mare was by one of the stallions I have mentioned, out of a Welsh pony. There was a great deal of secrecy about the match, and also the mare and her whereabouts, but I heard all about her from an ever-flowing source. It was rumoured after the match that the mare was loaned by Walter Winans, Esq., but only one or two knew where she really came from.

The late Mr. Winans' pair of British-bred trotters, Harmony and Discord, were by a Hackney stallion. Mr. Winans told me he once had a very good trotting mare, Lady Brilliant. He bought her to be of a certain strain, but afterwards found out she was a "Ringer," and was really a Wilkes mare. She was a wonderful goer, and he was anxious to breed with her, and it was Mr. Vivian Gooch who advised him to have the mare covered by His Majesty, the Hackney stallion. She was covered two years in succession and her two colts turned out to be

a charming pair of trotters, big, upstanding horses, powerful enough to pull a van.

I almost cried when I saw them sold at Aldridge's, after the death of Mr. Winans. They were parted, and only realised about 100 guineas each. A few days after the sale one of my friends told me that he specially wanted them for the Marathon and would have gone to 500 guineas for the pair. I tried to locate them, but failed. I would have given anything to have brought these two brothers together again.

The Iceland pony, who is very peculiar in shape and resembles a pig, has done wonderfully well on the race-tracks. Several have paced a mile in 2 mins. 50 secs., but most of them are good three-minute ponies, a mile being their distance. They are no good for long journeys, and soon tire unless driven very carefully. They cross well with the trotting stallion, and many fast pacers seen to-day on the tracks are crosses between the trotting stallion and the Iceland pony. Little Bill, the 11-hand Iceland pony, was bought from a drove of Iceland ponies for, I think, £11. The late William Cosburn, a pony-lover, eventually bought him for £12, trained the mite, and won several pony handicaps with him. He changed hands afterwards for 60 guineas.

Perhaps the greatest trotting pony who ever raced

was Solomon, got by an American circus stallion out of a Welsh pony. He found his way to the home of Mr. Sampson, of Wembley, whose wife made a pet of him and taught him many tricks. Mr. Sampson owned trotters, and little thought Solomon was destined to become the world's champion. He was eventually broken and trained, and won the world's pony championship in July, 1907, trotting the mile in 2 mins. 28 secs. He was an odd-coloured pony, and the sire of many good winners, including Young Solomon, Ruby P. and Sunbeam. His end was just as tragic as his beginning was romantic, for he was taken to South Africa by a wealthy African farmer, for the express purpose of trotting a match against his neighbour's champion African pony. Needless to say, Solomon won.

During the war Solomon successfully carried his owner through several engagements, but finally a tragic end befell them both, for after their last engagement both master and horse failed to return, and eventually the remains of Solomon were found beside those of his master: they had been shot, and afterwards devoured by the vultures—truly a ghastly end, but, nevertheless, a grand tribute to a British-bred trotter.

Trotters vary a great deal in disposition. Some

are wonderful race-horses on the track and absolutely worthless on the road, while others are ideal trappers and no good for the track. But I do know of one or two who were delightful on the track, for there they were little money-makers, and were dreams on the road.

If all the horses had been like Happy H., Silver Tail, Little Rice, Lexington, Mr. Randall's roan gelding Romford, Prentice Boy, or Grace Greenlander there would have been no need for the Ford car. I drove home behind Happy H. fourteen years ago after she won a race on the track. I think she must have flown, for the seven miles were covered within 25 mins.; she went in and out the traffic like a street arab, and gloried in flying past a big electric tram-car. She stood 14 hands, and had trotted twenty miles in 60 mins. Any child could drive her, she was so gentle and kind.

If any of my readers are prejudiced against the trotter let them go to any trotting-horse owner near to their home, either produce this book or explain their mission, and politely demand a drive. I guarantee their opinion will be like the old professor's after his drive behind Cashmere. A man who does not like a trotter has obviously never driven behind a good one.

I once drove behind a Hackney whose owner was a keen Hackney breeder. After about twelve miles I

noticed his hind action, instead of getting wider, got closer, and eventually he began to brush, which necessitated our making a Yorkshire boot. I was quite reasonable; I did not judge all Hackneys by this particular one, for this gentleman had a Hackney mare who could trot a journey alongside any trotter. She was a most charming mare; in fact, she was more like a trotter than a Hackney.

True, the British-bred trotter has been described as a nondescript. Why? Because he has never been given a fair chance. No one endeavoured to form a society until the National Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association was formed during the war, when trotters were so scarce; and the few dozen bred through this effort are, I am pleased to say, of uniform type. Usually the trotting stallion is used to ordinary mares. I have known a famous trotting stallion to cover in one season a few Iceland pony mares, two or three thoroughbred mares, Welsh ponies and Forest ponies, besides a few Hackney mares—but not the pure trotting-bred mares, because they are being raced, and race-horse owners seldom take interest in breeding. So can one wonder that the British-bred trotters are nondescript?

There is one thing I should like to say, and that is, when anyone breeds a pony or cob out of any of the

above-mentioned mares, they will be slow in getting rid of it, for the trotting stallion stamps his progeny, and always leaves a nice wide gait, with good action, long forearms and short cannon-bones, and a great many of them make good hacks.

Lord French used to ride a good charger, which was greatly admired. Few people knew that the magnificent charger was Govair, the famous trotting stallion, the sire of Lord Harry and other winners.

Some of the best road ponies to-day are got by breeding the Welsh pony to the trotting stallion. These ponies are fast, and have good courage, very sorty and wonderful journey-ponies. For the pony-lover who enjoys driving a good pony, and the pony-breeder who wishes to uphold his reputation, I recommend the British-bred pony, for this pony is easily bred, and always comes true to type. The bone and stamina come from the Welsh dam, while the trotting stallion provides speed, courage and quality. Many of these ponies are to be seen in Wales to-day, and are the pride of the Welsh farmers, who are reputed to breed, own and drive a good pony.

The Cleveland bay has been crossed successfully with the trotter. Many years ago George Hummer covered Yorkshire and Cleveland bay mares. The result

was a very fine roadster. Some of these beautiful roadsters that were driven in the Midlands about twenty years ago were making strong headway, and had it not been for the introduction of the motor-car, this breed (the Yorkshire or Cleveland bay trotter cross) would have established itself as a distinct driving breed. The Midland roadster or buggy horse stood about 15·1 to 15·3, and possessed beautiful quality, good bone, great speed and endurance. I have bred with broken-down trotting mares, for after the mare has finished trotting she can be bought for a mere song, and usually proves to be a valuable brood mare.

It will be interesting to give the details of the world's amateur driving records made by the late Mr. Walter Winans at Parsloe Park, Essex, shortly before he died.

First he drove The Elf, by the trotting stallion George Hummer, one mile, the first half trotting and the second half pacing to waggon to establish an amateur double-gaited record for the distance. The times recorded were :

	MINS.	SECS.
First half (trotting)	2	32
Second half (pacing)	1	$25\frac{2}{5}$

The full mile was therefore covered in 3 mins. $57\frac{2}{5}$ secs. Later Mr. Winans went out with his three-

year-old filly, Henrietta Guy, in an attempt to beat the mile open amateur record to waggon of 2 mins. 34 secs. held by the said mare. She equalled record.

Mr. Winans also drove his pair of trotters, Discord and Harmony, two miles to waggon in an attempt to beat world's record, both amateur and professional; also the world's record for trotters by Hackney sires of 6 mins. 44 secs., and this he easily succeeded in doing, the times recorded being:

	MINS.	SECS
Quarter-mile	0	$52\frac{4}{5}$
Half-mile	1	44
Three-quarters	2	34
Mile	3	$23\frac{3}{5}$
Mile-and-a-quarter	4	$12\frac{3}{5}$
Mile-and-a-half	5	1
Mile-and-three-quarters	5	50
Two miles	6	37

The world's record was therefore lowered by no less than 7 secs.

ONE-MILE RECORDS BY BRITISH-BRED TROTTERS

Mare: Princess May. Greenwich Park, Aintree, April 29, 1895. 2 mins. 40 secs.

Stallion: Spinning Wheel, by Wheel of Fortune; dam, Saucy Sarah. Glasgow, July 19, 1915. 2 mins. 30 secs.

THE BRITISH TROTTING RECORD, 1922

Mr. Milnes' Archibald, British-bred trotter, by Alvander, trained by Mr. Jack Skinner. 2 mins. 14¼ secs.

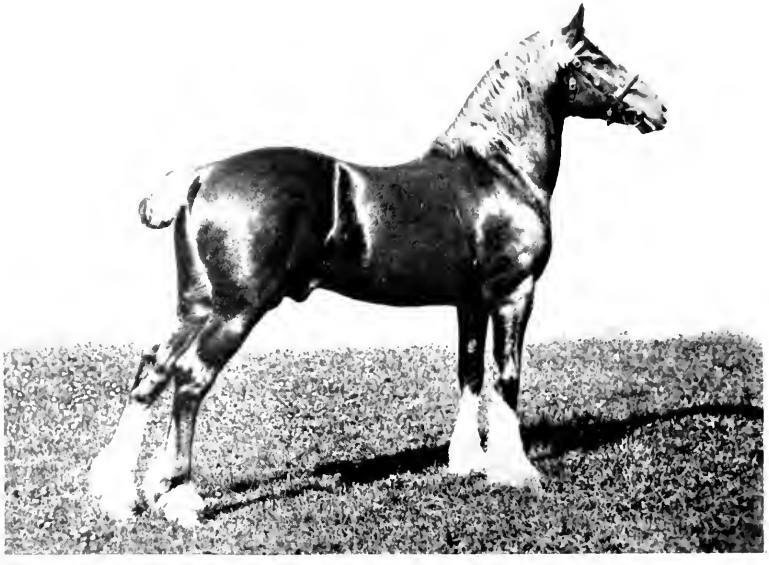
NEW AMERICAN TROTTING RECORD, 1922

Over the mile track at Columbus, Ohio, the champion trotting gelding Peter Manning, by Azoff, gave its greatest speed exhibition on September 28. Going a mile to beat 1.59¼, the great gelding trotted the mile in 1.57. Peter Manning trotted the first quarter-mile in 29½ secs., the half-mile in 58¾, was at the three-quarters in 1.27½, and by coming the full mile in 1.57, put up a new world's record. Some watches caught this mile in 1.56¾, and a week later at Lexington, Kentucky, Peter Manning still further reduced the record to this figure.

Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

THE AUTHOR CATCHING A PONY TO DRIVE TO MARKET.

[*Facing p.* 250.



"MATHRAFAL BRENIN," 873 W.S.B. WELSH COB STALLION
PROPERTY OF FREDK. BUTLER, ESQ.

Photo by] [*Merrett Bros.*

"YOUNG SOLOMON." THE BRITISH-BRED TROTTING STALLION.
PROPERTY OF J. HYDE, ESQ.

Chapter XI

The American Pacer—The Greatest Sire, Peter the Great—Champion Trotters as Sires—British Records and Performances—Pony Records—Flying Start Records—Pair-horse Records—Guideless Records—The London Trotting Club—The Colour Question—Foals—Picture Horses.

Chapter XI

THE AMERICAN PACER

THE Wilkes blood, through San Francisco, leads in America with the fastest pacer of 1921 in Sanardo, and he is a double Wilkes, his dam being by Mobel, son of Moko. In the Electioneer family the honours in the matter of his sons getting fast pacers go to Cochato, three-year-old record, 2 mins. $4\frac{1}{2}$ secs., one of the early sons of Todd, greatest son of Bingen. Todd was double-gaited and could pace well, although trained only for trotting. His son, Cochato, is the grand-sire of John Henry, 2 mins. $10\frac{1}{2}$ secs., and Walter K., 2 mins. $2\frac{3}{4}$ secs., a pair that raced well, the first-named being by Wilkoe and the latter by Walter Cochato, 2 mins. $2\frac{1}{4}$ secs. on the pace. With a little better chance in the early part of his career Walter Cochato would probably have been a member of the 2 mins. list, but he was such an unpromising chunk of horseflesh as a yearling that when led into the ring $80 was the best bid for him, and he got a new owner at that

figure. But Walter Cochato had extreme speed, and has a right to sire pacers of the best class, since his dam is by Patchen Wilkes, 2 mins. 29½ secs., grandam by Belmont, 6 mins. 4 secs.

An ugly duckling among horses, the long, low-headed black pacer may prove to be the star of his family in the matter of begetting speed, although to attain this position as regards the Todd family in general he will have to do a lot, sons of Todd being notable for the brand of early speed at the pace they are able to send forth every season. Todd unquestionably took to the pace because his sire, Bingen, was troubled that way at times, and Bingen paced in all probability because his first and second dams were sired by sons of George Wilkes, who was a very fast pacer, although the fact was carefully concealed during his lifetime.

The second fastest pacer of 1921 is Hal Mahone, 2 mins. 1 sec. He is by Prince Argot Hal, and the sire of that horse is Argot Hal, 2 mins. 7½ secs., the only strictly pacing-bred trotter that was pretty close to a top-sawyer on the Grand Circuit.

Argot Hal was sired by Brown Hal, 2 mins. 12½ secs., one-time champion pacing stallion and easily the greatest pacing sire. The dam of Argot Hal was by Duplex, 2 mins. 17¼ secs., a Tennessee pacer Ed.

Geers brought north on one of his early campaigns. That was a long time ago, and a 2 mins. 17¼ secs. pacer nowadays would not have much chance in America at the bush meetings, let alone on the Grand Circuit.

Argot Hal was brought out by Ed. Benyon and his son Jimmy, the latter doing the driving, and he won all his starts on the Grand Circuit. He then retired, but later was trained again, this time on the pace, and took a record of 2 mins. 4¾ secs. at that way of going.

There is now quite a bunch of double-gaited horses that have made the 2 mins. 10 secs. list at both the trot and the pace, but the fastest of them all, Prince Loree, leads decisively at both gaits, his marks being 2 mins. 3¼ secs. and 2 mins. respectively. He was a fine trotter, winning the Transylvania in 1919.

The facts about Prince Loree (which is trotting-bred) and Argot Hal (which is pacing-bred) demonstrate that the trot and the pace are very closely related in more ways than one. Brown Hal, sire of Argot Hal, was strictly pacing-bred, yet in his younger days, when pacers were of little value as racing tools, the stallion was trained at the trot, showed a mile in 2 mins. 21 secs. at that way of going, and was sent north from his home in Tennessee with the idea that he would make good at the better sort of meetings in the slow

classes. He started at Chicago, but never was prominent, getting tangled in his gait before going very far, and after that his owners decided he was a pacer, and this way of regarding the matter gave them a champion pacer and a sire that for a time led all other horses as a begetter of pacing speed that could win on the Grand Circuit.

THE GREATEST SIRE

PETER THE GREAT

RECORD, 2 MINS. 7¼ SECS.,

Sire of eighty-six in the 2 mins. 10 secs. list.

By Pilot Medium ... Dam, Santos, Grand Sentinel.
By Happy Medium ... Dam by Pilot Junior 12.

It has been recently stated that few people could give a good guess as to the source of this famous sire's greatness. The writer's opinion has long been that the doubling up in the pedigree of Peter the Great of the blood of the wonderful progenitor, Pilot Junior, will account for a lot of the greatness of the wonder sire. Pilot Junior mares were the dams of the first pair of 2 mins. 10 secs. trotters: Maud S., 2 mins. 8¾ secs., and Jay Eye See, 2 mins. 10 secs. Miss Russell, daughter of Pilot Junior, not only produced a new sort of trotter in Maud S., but another of her foals, Nutwood, 2 mins. 18¾ secs., was at one time a

champion sire, and his daughters have done much to help the sires of the past quarter of a century in the production of first-class trotters and sires.

A brother of Maud S. (Lord Russell) got Kremlin, 2 mins. $7\frac{3}{4}$ secs., champion trotting stallion of his day, and the Kremlin mares are prominent as producers of speed, one of the leading sons of Bingen (Bingara) getting nearly all his good trotters from Kremlin mares, although his fastest, Millie Irwin, 2 mins. $3\frac{1}{4}$ secs., is from the Red Wilkes mare.

The Gaiety Girl was 2 mins. $15\frac{1}{4}$ secs. But the Gaiety Girl is a truly great brood mare, and her blood breeds on, one of her daughters (by Bingen) being the dam of Lee Axworthy, 1 min. $58\frac{1}{4}$ secs.

CHAMPION TROTTERS AS SIRES

American champion stallions have not as a whole proved outstanding successes as sires. Champions inevitably have a lot taken out of them, even though their track careers are not always extensive. The pace is what does the work, and the faster the pace the greater the drain on the vitality of the horse. So when a Lee Axworthy comes along he does more in his best season, so far as exhausting speed efforts are concerned, than some of his predecessors accomplished in entire careers.

The list of champion trotting stallions, beginning with Ethan Allen, 2 mins. 28 secs., in 1858, contains eighteen names. Before the 2 mins. 20 secs. mark was reached by a stallion the outstanding figure among the champions as a sire and progenitor was George Wilkes, 2 mins. 22 secs., and nothing like him in those particulars has since been seen. The total failure among such horses was Fearnaught, which lowered the stallion figures to 2 mins. 23¼ secs. in 1868. Ethan Allen, 2 mins. 28 secs., George M. Patchen, 2 mins. 23½ secs., and Jay Gould, 2 mins. 21¾ secs., of that era, were good sires, but not to be mentioned in comparison with George Wilkes.

Mambrino Gift, 2 mins. 20 secs., the first stallion to trot in that time, was a fairly good sire, but not a crack. Then came Smuggler, which lowered the record for entire horses to 2 mins. 15¼ secs., and was an absolute top-sort race-horse, as the records show. He was a total failure in the breeding ranks. Phallas, 2 mins. 13¼ secs., was the first stallion to beat 2 mins. 15 secs. Much was expected of him in the stud, he being a son of Dictator, then in his prime as a truly great sire, but the Dictator blood did not breed on as did some other strains, and, while it was pure gold, the quantity was limited, neither the head of the house

nor his sons being very sure foal-getters. Phallas did fairly well. He sired one 2 mins. 10 secs. trotter, and the dam of another, which tells his story when 2 mins. 10 secs. is the standard by which measurements are made. The Phallas strain is no more heard of.

Maxie Cobb, 2 mins. 13¼ secs., which dethroned Phallas, was another absolute failure as a sire or a progenitor. He was by Happy Medium ; he stopped in the home stretch just like a lot of other Happy Mediums, and when he failed utterly as a sire the fact was looked upon as perfectly natural by every horseman of that day. Since then the Happy Medium strain in the male line has given the world Peter the Great, and a son of Happy Medium sired the dam of Lou Dillon, 1 min. 58½ secs., the first two-minutes trotter. Happy Medium himself sired a champion trotter, Nancy Hanks, 2 mins. 4 secs., first member of the 2 mins. 5 secs. list for her gait, and dam of a 2 mins. 4¾ secs. trotter.

All this is here stated to show how public opinion may change relative to the value of a strain of blood once almost despised. The Dictator blood helped Happy Medium to produce a Nancy Hanks. The Pilot Junior strain was a notable factor in the production of Pilot Medium, sire of Peter the Great, all of which tends to show that, while the Happy Medium blood was at first

almost a failure, it needed only the proper blend of blood from some other source to make it superlatively great.

After Maxie Cobb, among American champion trotting stallions came Axtell, 2 mins. 12 secs. as a three-year-old. Through his son Axworthy, three-year-old, 2 mins. 15½ secs., Axtel has made a great name for himself as a progenitor, for Axworthy as a sire and a progenitor is very hard to beat. He heads in the matter of daughters that are the dams of 2 mins. 10 sec. trotters. His son, Guy Axworthy, is the only sire of two 2 mins. trotters: Lee Axworthy, 1 min. 58¼ secs., and Arion Guy, 1 min. 59½ secs. Another son, Dillon Axworthy, three-year-old record, 2 mins. 10¼ secs., is by far the greatest speed sire of his age, 2 mins. 10 secs. on the trot being the standard, and his stock are almost uniformly colt trotters of the best sort, they having at one time and another held the record for three-year-olds (2 mins. 2¾ secs.), for two-year-old geldings (2 mins. 7¼ secs.), and for three-year-olds in a race (2 mins. 3¼ secs.), those marks being made, respectively, by Sister Bertha, Norman Dillon and Miss Bertha Dillon. Lee Axworthy made a record no other horse ever approached in his first season in the stud, sixteen of his first crop taking 2 mins. 30 secs., or better records as two-year-olds, and Lee Axworthy is a great-grandson of Axtell.

It will be seen that there are a lot of good reasons why Lee Axworthy, of all the champion trotting stallions, is the best as a sire as well as in the speed department. He is the last of eighteen champions, the first of which made his record more than sixty years ago—and he is the best. It was indeed a body blow to the breeding interests when he died.

Hummer was a most consistent sire of speed in both trotters and pacers, most of them being in the 2 mins. 10 secs. list. His famous son, George Hummer, record 2 mins. 20 secs., was imported to this country in 1892. Among his progeny there is the stallion King Hummer, whose mile record is 2 mins. 17 secs.

BRITISH RECORDS AND NOTABLE PERFORMANCES

HANDICAP PERFORMANCES

Six Furlongs.

Leicester Square, brown gelding (American bred), pacer. 1 min. 41 secs., owing 20 yards in 6 furlongs.—Audenshaw, June 25, 1921. 2 mins. 13 secs. gait.

Abe Direct, grey gelding (American bred), trotter. 1 min. 40 secs., receiving 50 yards in 6 furlongs.—Audenshaw, October 17, 1921. 2 mins. 19 secs. gait.

Setaba, ch. stallion by Stanley R., dam, Mabel A.,

pacer. 1 min. 40 secs., receiving 30 yards.—Blackpool, June 26, 1916. 2 mins. 17 secs. gait. (British-bred record.)

Miss Bingen, by Master Bingen, pacer. min. 38⅖ secs., receiving 225 yards.—Audenshaw, March 29, 1918. 2 mins. 39 secs. gait. (British-bred two-year-old record.)

One Mile.

Frank Dewey, bay stallion (American bred), pacer. 2 mins. 11½ secs. for 1 mile from scratch.—Audenshaw, August 15, 1921. (British mile record, also pacing stallion record.)

On the Rhine, bay stallion (American bred), trotter. 2 mins. 18 secs., receiving 20 yards in 1 mile.—Audenshaw, June 28, 1920. 2 mins. 20 secs. gait. (Trotting stallion record.)

Dorothy Dombey, grey mare (American bred), trotter. 2 mins. 14 secs., receiving 50 yards in 1 mile.—Southend, August 8, 1906. 2 mins. 18 secs. gait.

Lelula, bay filly (American bred), trotter. 2 mins. 31⅕ secs., receiving 40 yards.—Audenshaw, September 12, 1921. 2 mins. 35 secs. gait. (Two-year-old trotting record.)

George Hummer, bay stallion, trotter. 2 mins. 20 secs. gait. (Exhibition record.)

British-Breds.

Butcher Boy, bay gelding, by Limestone, pacer. 2 mins. $36\frac{2}{5}$ secs. owing 260 yards.—Parsloes Park, May 16, 1910. 2 mins. 16 secs. gait. (British-bred record.)

Jenny Lind, black mare, by Callino, dam, Jenny Lind II., pacer. 2 mins. $18\frac{1}{2}$ secs. from scratch.—Victoria Grounds, March 6, 1911. 2 mins. $18\frac{1}{2}$ secs. gait. (British-bred pacing mare record.)

Vanalder, bay stallion, by Alvander, dam, White Heather, pacer. 2 mins. 25 secs., owing 65 yards in 1 mile.—Audenshaw, May 10, 1920. 2 mins. 20 secs. gait. (British-bred stallion record.)

Archibald, colt, by Alvander, dam, Laurel Belle, trotter. 2 mins. 23 secs., receiving 145 yards.—Blackpool, September 18, 1917. 2 mins. 36 secs. gait. (British-bred three-year-old trotting record.)

King Hummer, by George Hummer, pacer. 2 mins. 17 secs. gait. (Belfast record.)

Hummer's Pride, bay filly, by King Hummer, dam, Pride of Springfield, pacer.—Audenshaw, November 30, 1920. 2 mins. 20 secs. for 1 mile from scratch. (Three-year-old pacing record.)

Lorento, colt, by Onward, dam, Lady Kate, trotter. 2 mins. 35 secs., receiving 185 yards.—Audenshaw,

July 8, 1916. 2 mins. 53½ secs. gait. (British-bred two-year-old trotting record.)

Colonel Hummer, bay colt, by King Hummer, pacer. 2 mins. 24 secs., receiving 140 yards in 1 mile, 100 yards. —Audenshaw, December 28, 1915. 2 mins. 27½ secs. gait. (British-bred two-year-old pacing record.)

Hummer's Pride, bay filly, by King Hummer, dam, Pride of Springfield. 2 mins. 36⅖ secs., owing 105 yards in 1 mile.—Audenshaw, November 25, 1919. 2 mins. 27½ secs. gait. (Ties the British-bred two-year-old pacing record.)

Lorengo, black filly, by King Hummer, pacer, 2 mins. 30 secs., receiving 165 yards.—Audenshaw, September 7, 1918. 2 mins. 46 secs. gait. (British-bred yearling record.

One-and-a-Half Miles.

Pontiac, ch. gelding (American bred), pacer. 3 mins. 28⅗ secs. from scratch.—Imber Court, May 13, 1912. 2 mins. 19½ secs. gait.

Irene Mobel, bay mare (American bred), trotter. 3 mins. 24 secs., receiving 130 yards start.—Audenshaw, December 13, 1921. 2 mins. 23½ secs. gait.

Jenny Lind, black mare, by Collino, pacer. 3 mins. 35 secs., receiving 20 yards.—Blackpool, August 2, 1909. 2 mins. 25 secs. gait. (British-bred record.)

Two Miles.

Billy Jackson, bay gelding (American bred), pacer. 4 mins. 46 secs., receiving 35 yards in 2 miles.—Audenshaw, February 15, 1921. 2 mins. 24½ secs. gait.

Grace Greenlander, bay mare (American bred), trotter. From scratch.—Imber Court, September 10, 1906. 4 mins. 49⅗ secs.

Five Miles.

Professor, bay gelding (American bred), pacer. From scratch.—Wigan, September 23, 1907. 12 mins. 25⅗ secs.

Blue Bell, brown gelding (American bred), trotter. 12 mins. 33 secs., receiving 135 yards.—Ashtown, October 28, 1906. 2 mins. 33 secs. gait.

PONY RECORDS

(*Under* 14 *hands*)

Pretty Polly, bay mare (American bred), trotter, 14 hands. 2 mins. 16⅕ secs., receiving 120 yards.—Imber Court, May 11, 1908. 2 mins. 27 secs. gait. (Pony trotting record.)

Setaba, ch. stallion by Stanley R., dam, Mabel A., pacer, 13·3 hands. 2 mins. 32⅗ secs., owing 150 yards.—Audenshaw, June 27, 1916. 2 mins. 21 secs. gait. (Pacing pony, also British-bred pony, record.)

Daisy, bay mare (American bred), pacer, 14 hands. 2 mins. 14 secs., receiving 145 yards.—Aintree, February 5, 1906. 2 mins. 26½ secs. gait.

Solomon, trotter, 13·2 hands. 2 mins. 36⅗ secs., owing 60 yards.—Imber Court, July 16, 1906. 2 mins. 31½ secs. gait. (British-bred pony stallion record.)

School Girl, mare, by Savoyard, pacer, 14 hands. 2 mins. 30⅖ secs., owing 20 yards—Parsloes Park, July 4, 1907. 2 mins. 28½ secs. gait. (British-bred pony mare record.)

(*Under* 13 *hands*)

Half-Mile.

Jimmy B., bay gelding, pacer, 12·2 hands. 1 min. 23⅗ secs., owing 80 yards.—Parsloes Park, May 19, 1910. 2 mins. 33 secs. gait.

Six Furlongs.

Erin, pacer, 12 hands. 1 min. 43⅖ secs., receiving 155 yards.—Blackpool, August 21, 1911. 2 mins. 36½ secs. gait.

One Mile.

Little Pearl, dun mare, by Young Woodford, pacer, 13 hands. 2 mins. 22 secs., receiving 155 yards.—Carntyne Grounds, Glasgow, April 2, 1913. 2 mins. 36 secs. gait.

Miss Air, ch. filly, by Airman, dam, Missey. 2 mins. 25 secs., receiving 220 yards in 1 mile.—Audenshaw, October 10, 1921. 2 mins. 46 secs. gait. (Two-year-old pony record.)

FLYING START RECORDS

Half-Mile.

Charley B., black gelding, pacer.—Aintree, April 10, 1905. 1 min. $5\frac{3}{5}$ secs. gait.

Rowley, bay gelding, trotter.—Alexandra Park, May 1, 1893. 1 min. $9\frac{1}{5}$ secs. gait.

One Mile.

Prince Alert, bay gelding, pacer.—Aintree, June 19, 1905. 2 mins. $10\frac{4}{5}$ secs. gait. (Exhibition record.)

Frank Dewey, bay stallion (American bred), pacer.—Audenshaw, April 11, 1921. 2 mins. $13\frac{1}{5}$ secs. gait.

Redhill, bay gelding, trotter (American bred).—Audenshaw, May 2, 1921. 2 mins. $18\frac{1}{5}$ secs. gait.

Wig Wag, brown stallion, trotter.—Belhus Park, July 11, 1904. 2 mins. $18\frac{1}{5}$ secs. gait. (Exhibition record.)

Butcher Boy, bay gelding, by Limestone, pacer.—Wigan, October 18, 1919. 2 mins. $16\frac{4}{5}$ secs. gait. (British-bred record.)

One-and-a-Half Miles.

Miss Evelyn, black mare, pacer.—Parsloes Park, August 11, 1902. 3 mins. $35\frac{3}{5}$ secs. gait.

Three Miles.

Grace Greenlander, bay mare, trotter—Imber Court, August 13, 1906. 7 mins. $15\frac{3}{4}$ secs. gait.

Four Miles.

Polly G., bay mare, trotter.—Blackpool, September 11, 1899. 9 mins. 58 secs. gait.

Five Miles.

King of Pearls, pacer.—Wigan, September 28, 1903. 13 mins. gait.

Ten Miles.

Sunbeam, brown mare (American bred), trotter.—Blackpool, August 18, 1913. 27 mins. 2 secs. gait. (Exhibition.)

Twenty Miles.

Ellia McKay, trotter.—Blackpool, September 4, 1899. 59 mins. 23 secs. gait. (Exhibition.)

Lady Grace, by Young Onward.—Bath, 1917. 60 mins. gait.

PONY RECORDS

(14 *Hands and Under*)

Half-Mile.

La Milo, bay mare, pacer, 12·3 hands.—Blackpool, July 31, 1911. 1 min. 17 secs. gait.

One Mile.

Little Pearl, dun mare, 13 hands, by Young Woodford, dam, Moose, pacer.—Wigan, December 23, 1912. 2 mins. $39\frac{4}{5}$ secs. gait.

PAIR-HORSE RECORDS

One Mile.

Charley B. and Bobbie Hal, pacers (American bred).—Aintree, March 28, 1904. 2 mins. $22\frac{1}{5}$ secs. gait.

Roy M. and Eddie L., trotters (American bred).—Parsloes Park, July 7, 1902. 2 mins. $34\frac{4}{5}$ secs. gait.

GUIDELESS RECORDS

Golden Princess, bay mare, pacer (American bred).—Parsloes Park, June 15, 1914. 1 mile, flying start. 2 mins. 9 secs. gait.

Erin, black pony mare (Iceland bred).—Blackpool, September 16, 1912. 1 mile flying start. 2 mins. $33\frac{3}{5}$ secs. gait.

Probably one of the best trotters in England to-day is Mr. Hadley's Britton Forbes, imported by Mr. G. Watson. He has twice won the Red Ribbon at Richmond Horse Show, besides having a 2 mins. 19 secs. record.

The British-bred trotter owes a great deal to the enterprise of Mr. F. J. Ridgway, who imported the trotting stallion George Hummer. Mr. Ridgway bred many good trotters, including The Elf and Pop de Pinel, Admiral Beatty's favourite show cob.

Whilst writing, I learn with much regret that Parsloes Park is to be closed. I hope the rumour that is afloat is correct, viz., that an American syndicate is going to open a track at the Crystal Palace, and all betting is to be conducted through the Totalisator. The scheme is excellent, and should receive much support.

The London Trotting Club is in full progress and has many members. The meetings are held every Monday at Greenford Driving Park.

I wish to thank Mr. Wrightson, the editor of the *Trotting World and Horse Review*, for the list of trotters' times and records. Also Mr. Villiers Toothill, of North Randal, U.S.A.

THE COLOUR QUESTION. INDIFFERENCE OF BRITISH BREEDERS

The importance of producing horses of the colour that the public desire to possess is a matter that has been much more ignored by British breeders than by those of other countries. In England it is almost an unknown thing to be told of experiments having been made with the object of discovering the rules, if any, which regulate the colour of foals; but a good deal appears to have been attempted in that direction elsewhere.

Whether much has been positively learned from such experiments as have been made beyond what was already known is, perhaps, a little doubtful; but that there must be some controlling influence is certain, and if this were to be generally known and applied the demand for British-bred harness horses would be far larger than it is, and the incomes of foreign breeders would be proportionately reduced.

Rightly or wrongly, the taste of the public so far as big harness horses is concerned is opposed to chestnuts, and the correctness of this statement is made evident by ocular demonstration if people will only take notice of the colour of the expensive horses which are to be

seen in the landaus of the wealthy and the coaches of the leading driving men. A very large proportion of the former horses are foreign-bred, as we all know if we have taken the trouble to enquire, though it is not invariably easy to detect the foreign horse, for in many instances he is practically English-bred, being a descendant of the countless good animals which have left these shores.

By selecting the colours which have earned for themselves the distinction of being alluded to in sale catalogues as "good" or "sound," our foreign competitors have displayed their possession of the soundest judgment, for they are now able to supply to the wealthiest class of British purchaser the horses which our dealers cannot find in England in sufficient numbers to meet the demands of the market. In plain language, we have supplied our opponents in trade with the weapons they are now using with considerable advantage against us.

THE COLOUR OF THE HORSE

The ignorance displayed by people with regard to the colour of the horse is surprising. Some will call a bay a chestnut, and a chestnut a brown; a grey a white; and a roan a sort of mixture of colour.

The correct colours are as follows:

black,	chestnut,	grey,
brown,	roan,	white,
bay,	dun,	dappled.

Black Horses.—Jet black, black chestnut, black greys, black roans, black piebalds, black with white points.

Brown Horses (these must always have tan muzzles).—Brown skewbalds, brown roans, brown chestnuts, brown with white points, brown with black points, brown ticked grey.

Bay (a light reddish-brown).—Golden bay, blood bay, mealy bay, bay skewbald, bay with black points, bay with white points, bright bay, bay ticked grey.

Chestnut.—Light chestnut, dark chestnut, liver-coloured chestnut, chestnut skewbalds, chestnuts with white points, chestnut roans, chestnut ticked grey.

Grey.—Steel grey, iron grey, flea-bitten grey, blue-grey, mealy grey, light grey with black points, silver grey.

All white.—White with grey mane and tail, white with small, black-brown spots, flea-bitten white.

Roan.—Black roan, brown roan, blue roan, bay roan, roan chestnut, dun, dark dun, mouse colour, light dun, silver dun, cream, silver creams, skewbalds.

A good horse is never a bad colour, let it be remembered.

THE MANAGEMENT OF FOALS

A great deal more, perhaps, than many people imagine, depends upon the care and good judgment bestowed upon foals, both before and after the time that they are weaned.

The process, of course, should be a gradual one; indeed, in the case of mares whose owners cannot afford to allow them to pass their lives in idleness, they have, by force of circumstances, to separate them from their foals at intervals. This certainly entails no harm upon either the dam or her offspring, if the periods of separation have not been too long, and more particularly if the mare has not been allowed to return to her foal when she has been in an over-heated condition. If so, there is always a risk of her milk being in an unfit state for the young one to consume, and hence she should always be cooled down before she rejoins it.

In the case of mares which are not required for work, there should always be intervals of separation between them and their foals for some weeks before the final parting takes place. These intervals may be gradually extended in length, so that both the animals may

become reconciled by degrees to the inevitable that is to follow. A violent rupture of their association is bad, as both will fret, and quite possibly the mare may be left with a large supply of milk in her, and, if so, trouble, in the form of inflammation, is likely to ensue. The foal, on the other hand, if abruptly left to shift for itself, is quite likely to lose flesh rapidly, partly by worrying over the absence of its dam and partly by an inability—the result of total inexperience—to shift for itself.

Of course, such precautions are not necessary in the case of the semi-wild breeds of ponies and horses which constantly lie out on the moors and mountains of the country. These breeds are existing in what is practically a state of nature, and a course of management which is beneficial to more delicate breeds is quite unnecessary for them. The mares of such varieties can well stand the strain of having their foals running with them until their supply of milk gradually dries up; and, what is more, the foals as often as not require more nourishment than they are likely to obtain from the land they are running on, as the keep in many parts is very poor.

The imperative necessity that exists for keeping the foal moving can only be effected by ensuring him the

necessary amount of nourishing food, and at proper intervals. Many owners are of the opinion that a supply of hay scattered about the ground is sufficient for the well-being of any foal, and possibly it may be so if the keep is good and the animals are not of any considerable value. But long hay is at best an unsatisfactory thing to use, as it gets dragged about and trampled upon. Therefore it becomes unwholesome even if eaten, but probably a great part of it is wasted.

In the feeding of horses, as in other matters, if a thing is worth doing at all it is better to do it well. It is rather a short-sighted policy to pay any amount of attention to the best foals at the expense of their less good-looking companions. Foals alter remarkably sometimes, and, provided that the plainer-looking ones are as well-bred as the others, it is quite within the limits of possibility that some of their number may develop, with care, into quite as valuable horses. Hence the extreme desirability of endeavouring to assist nature by a little extra feeding.

It is not a very serious expense to provide a foal with a reasonable amount of extra nourishment. A few crushed oats and now and then some split beans, boiled, or, at all events, well scalded, and mixed with bran, is all that is required, in addition, of course, to a

reasonable supply of chaff. The cost of this is, of course, now a matter of great consideration to a horse-breeder, particularly if he possesses a large crop of foals, but the outlay incurred can be compensated for by the additional value of the stock, for it very rarely happens that horses which have been starved when young are worth a great deal of money when grown up.

It is never safe to allow a number of foals to be together without paying them pretty frequent visits after they have just been weaned. They are, naturally, mischievous, and, being left entirely to their own resources, are very apt to get into trouble, and, as a consequence, an accident occurs which, if attended to in time, may leave no ill effects behind it, whereas, if neglected, the results may be serious, if not permanent. Hence a visit once or twice a day should be paid to the foals.

This is doubly necessary when they are lying out in a remote pasture, as it familiarises them with the sight of human beings, and this is an assistance to their breaker later on.

The more a foal is accustomed to be handled, and the more he is allowed to see of the world, the better his manners are likely to be in after-life, and the easier he will be to break and make. As a rule, therefore, the

foals of the smaller breeders which are made much of when young, and which, probably, are run out in meadows adjacent to the house, give less trouble when being broken than those which have been permitted to lapse into a semi-savage state.

It is always well that a foal should be accustomed from the first to wearing a head-collar; so much so, indeed, that if there is not sufficient supply of these to go round all of the young stock, some of the latter should wear them for a few days at a time, and then give them up to their companions, to be returned in due course, so that all may wear a head-collar in their turn. It is bad enough to have to get a foal along if he has not been accustomed to be led at the best of times, but the trouble is increased a hundredfold if he is tormented by a head-collar with the feel of which he is unfamiliar.

All foals should be accustomed to be handled from almost the very first. They will, of course, resent any familiarities of the kind, but, as a rule, they will become accustomed to have their heads and bodies stroked, and the lessons will be made much easier for the attendant if he gains the confidence of his charges by giving them a scrap of bread to eat, or some delicacy they enjoy.

When it comes to a matter of picking up the feet, there is certain trouble ahead at first, as the foals dislike

such liberties being taken with them, and behave accordingly. Patience, however, conquers all things, even a rebellious foal, and if a commencement is made by accustoming him to have his legs stroked he will in time, as a rule—for some horses never like having their feet picked up—consent to having his hoofs inspected.

Above all things, it must be impressed upon those who have foals in charge that it is absolutely necessary for them to exercise the golden gift of patience when dealing with the young stock. More horses have been ruined by having the devil knocked into them by a course of harsh, if not positively brutal, treatment when foals than people imagine, but it is a fact, all the same. A naturally high-spirited foal becomes an evil-tempered one, and a timid one still more nervous, by unnecessary severity, let alone by cruelty, and hence the almost inestimable value of a servant who is tender, though firm, when dealing with the young stock entrusted to his care.

Everybody who has witnessed this operation will sympathise with all parties concerned in the shoeing of a foal for the first time. The animal itself is scared by the unfamiliarity of the surroundings, whilst the farrier and the man in charge of the foal are frequently driven almost to desperation by the resistance of the animal.

This is a time when patience comes in again, for, no matter how strongly the foal may object to having his feet manipulated by a stranger, he will usually resign himself to his fate in the end, if not bullied or knocked about when he first rebels. It is, moreover, rather a dangerous thing to attempt to secure him against his will, as in the course of his struggles he may seriously hurt himself, and, therefore, it is best to adopt persuasive measures in the first instance, and these will usually be found effective.

PICTURE HORSES. THE LATE WALTER WINANS AS A CRITIC

"At this time of year equine subjects, especially hunting scenes, are wont to be plentiful in the illustrated papers and the Christmas-card trays, and the average quality of the pictorial steeds is such as to bear out the tradition that the horse is more full of difficulties for the artist than anything else in Nature.

"It is easy to understand why this is so. A drawing or painting of a horse has to undergo veterinary examination as well as artistic criticism. And special knowledge does not necessarily imply technical excellence, nor artistic genius the ability to render the characteristics which distinguish a polo pony from a butcher's cob.

"For some mysterious reason the impossible swan-necked creatures of the old sporting prints always find favour with 'horsy' men. There is a certain glamour, too, about the work of Sartorius. But in the past no British artist had more thoroughly mastered the construction of the horse than George Morland, as those know best who are familiar with his studies and sketches. None has since surpassed him in depicting a raw-boned old crock—a far more difficult thing than to burnish up the chubby beasts into whose snorting heads Landseer used to put rolling, human eyes.

"An artist may succeed with all other animals, and yet find the horse beyond him, as was the case with J. M. Swan. On the other hand, Rosa Bonheur produced the anatomical horse, of which a cast is in every artist's studio, but the alleged horses she put on to canvas are as much like bullocks, because she could neither draw nor paint.

"The French galaxy of battle-painters, Meissonier, Gericault, Aimé Morot, the Vernets, and the rest, painted the horse with almost photographic accuracy, but their steeds have no more character or individuality than the guns and drums and other properties in their pictures.

"The racing scenes of the mighty Degas are famous, but it has to be confessed that his race-horses are pony-

like shapes, nearer to protohippus than to the modern thoroughbred. They do not show the marvellous draughtsmanship that is seen in the ballet-dancers.

"Several of the modern Spaniards have done well with their horses, in the pictorial sense; none better than Daniel Urrabieta (otherwise known as 'Vierge'), the illustrator of 'Don Quixote' and 'Pablo de Segovia,' and perhaps the greatest of all black-and-white artists.

"The old masters evolved their own conventional steeds, which we could not wish different. At any rate, the riders are sitting them."—"Toplight" in *Town Topics*.

. . . . .

"*Carlton Hotel,*

"*Pall Mall, S.W.* 1.

"*January* 17, 1920.

"*To the Editor of 'Trotting and Pacing.'*

"SIR,

"May I point out a few errors in the article by 'Toplight,' of *Town Topics*, which you quoted in your paper of January 15?

"George Morland could only paint underbred farm-horses; he never painted a blood-horse or horse with a well-groomed coat. This is the characteristic of almost all horse-painters and sculptors—they never put

any quality into a horse; in fact, a very celebrated horse-sculptor told me a real horse is inartistic and unfit for sculpture, that is why he makes his horses a cross between a pig and an elephant!

"Landseer, far from making a horse with human eyes, painted the horse's eye very lifelike.

"Rosa Bonheur painted the Percheron horse very well. It is ridiculous to say she could neither draw nor paint. Her 'Horse Fair' is the best horse picture ever painted. She did not model the anatomical horse —that was by her brother, Isidore Bonheur—a caricature of which is the 'Physical Energy,' by Watts, put up in Kensington Gardens and also on Cecil Rhodes' tomb.

"Your readers should look at this when they are passing the west end of Kensington Gardens. The sculptor, out of excessive modesty, has left out the main characteristic of a stallion (which the Isidore Bonheur statue he tried to imitate is), and made it into an impossible thing—a 'mare-stallion,' with club feet and a broken back, ridden by a drunken man.

"Meissonier, far from making 'property horses,' as 'Toplight' says, painted accurate portraits of his troop horses and made them actually walking, trotting or galloping, as the modern instantaneous photographs show; in fact, he was the only man who did the walk

properly except (excuse my mentioning it) myself in my drawing when I was a boy, and for which my drawing-masters corrected (?) me.

"The best artist by far for a trotting horse was Maurer, who drew the coloured prints of 'Mac,' 'Tacony,' 'Hero,' 'Flora Temple,' etc., and the many trotting-horse groups: one, called 'The Road Hog,' of a farm cart blocking the road, of some men having a brush on the road."

"The best modern artist of a trotter is Dickey, who draws for the *Horse Review* of Chicago.

"No artist makes the men sit their horses like the French artists who have been in the cavalry. Most artists sit a man who has never ridden on a live horse on a wooden dummy and copy him, and as they have never handled a horse themselves you can imagine the result.

"Herring (the elder) put any amount of quality into a horse; in fact, he, when he painted a cart-horse, made him look like a magnificent thoroughbred. He painted the shine on a horse's coat better than anyone has ever succeeded in doing. I spent years in trying to paint a coat like he did, and his horses, in spite of a little exaggeration in smallness of head, small hoofs, etc., are the best horses ever painted, but he was entirely

conventional in action, except the only trotting-horse in action I ever saw of his, and that was one of a bay horse called Nonpareil, at speed which is almost as good in action as Maurer's horses. It used to be on exhibition in Jermyn Street, at the art shop in the corner. The horse looks like a Morgan and, I am sure, was not English bred.

"The Russian artist, Schvetskoff, was a very good painter of trotters in action, next best to Maurer. I have an engraving, at present stored where I cannot unpack it for the moment, of the Emperor Alexander I. behind a black Orloff stallion, going at a 2 mins. 40 secs. gait. All the Emperors of Russia were keen about trotting, and used single and pairs fit to trot at Parsloes Park, which is more than can be said of Lenin and Trotsky, who have killed good horses because they are 'bourgeois.'

"I hear that Krepitz, the first Orloff to trot in 2 mins. 9 secs., is the last victim to be killed by these devils.

"WALTER WINANS."

. . . . .

It has given me great pleasure to write this book amidst my everyday practical work. A treatise written under these conditions should prove more interesting. When a man is actually demonstrating and proving his theories in practice he possesses more profound knowledge than

in the sunset of his days, at which time he is apt to exaggerate and distort the real facts.

I should be pleased to demonstrate these methods to any reader who is sufficiently interested, and I hope that the publication of this book will lead to many appointments for the purpose of enabling me to satisfy the sceptical.

Let me say in conclusion, it is my firm conviction that patient understanding, personality and intelligent kindness are the real factors in any kind of effective animal training. Animals possess a special kind of mind and, of course, a unique kind of consciousness which is no less human, in degree, than our own. It is only by the careful study and perception of this particular kind of mind that we can hope to get the best out of our dumb friends. It is for the benefit of the horse-owner who, through ignorance and stupidity, resorts to cruelty that I have written this book. There is a better, more humane, and certainly a much more profitable method than barbaric cruelty—which is, after all, a poor index of our superior mentalities. It is to be hoped that the rising generation, both of men and of horses, will be ignorant of cruelty in any degree ; that inhumane methods are obsolete there can be no possible doubt—and I have done my best to prove it.

"The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, saith the Lord."—ISAIAH lxv. 25.

P. F. T.

THE END

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Webster Family ... of Veterinary Medicine
Cummings School of Veterinary Medicine at
Tufts University
200 Westboro Road
North Grafton, MA 01536